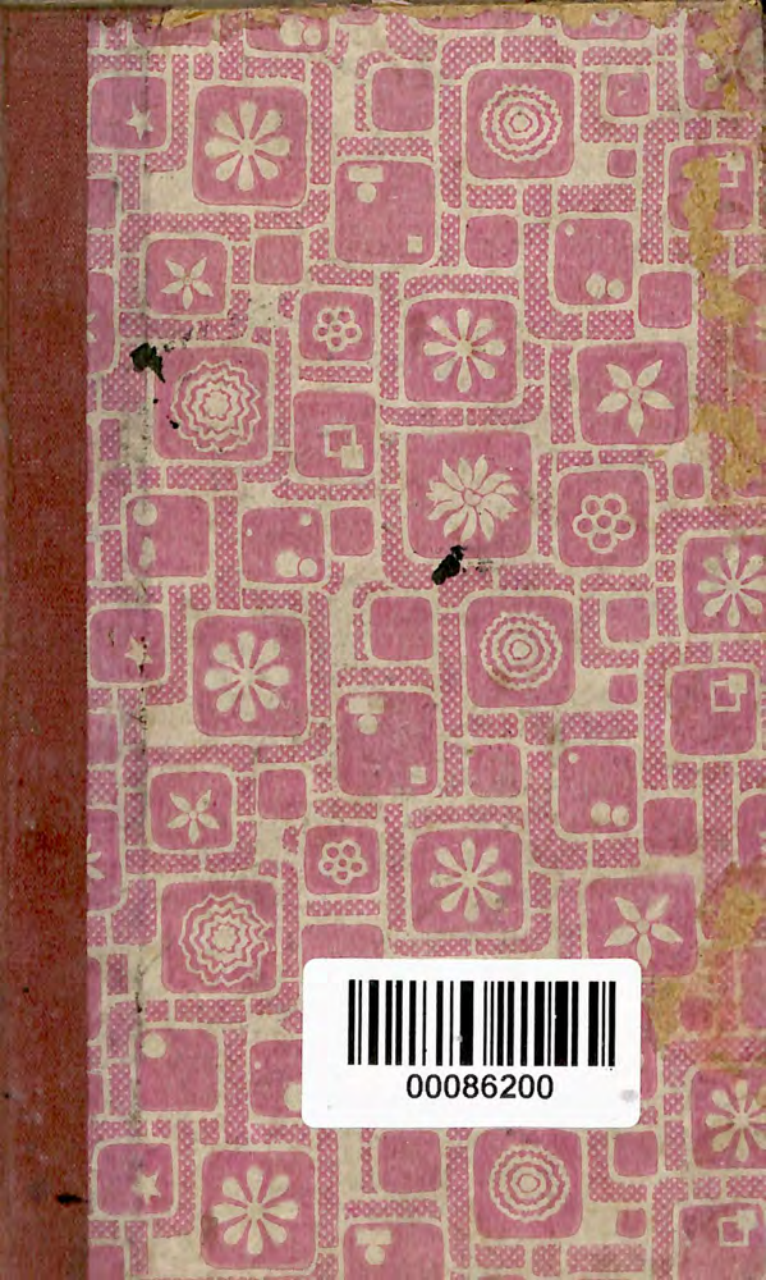
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ADVENTURES

IN THE

NORTH OF EUROPE;

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

Poetry and Philosophy of Trabel.

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BY

EDWARD WILSON LANDOR.

TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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DEDICATION.

TO MEMORY.

'Tis not for me, when near the base
Of Life's abrupt and darkening slope,
Upon my downward path to trace
The light and fairy form of Hope.

No more for me the smile she wreathes
That lures us on from care to care,
Until the dear deluder breathes
Her flattering whispers to Despair.

But though no more on earth she bends
O'er one who is no more her slave,
She proves at last the best of friends,
And waits his footsteps at the grave;

No longer false, though still more fair,
And brighter than the evening sky,
My stedfast view beholds her there,
Whilst speaking life to those that die.

Beyond the grave her image cheers—
Beyond the bounds of mortal gloom—
But on *this* side what ray appears
To chase the shadows of the tomb?

No! not for me can life bestow
Another gleam of light divine;
Perhaps but small my weight of woe,
But still, of joy what more is mine?

Amid the gloom that closes o'er
This feeble frame, now sinking fast,
But little courts to look before,
Though something beckons from the past.

Yes! though too oft condemned to mourn
O'er vain regrets that will not die,
The heart in sadness loves to turn
To thee, to thee, O Memory!

In sadness loves—for who can view,
Unwrung, thy cold, still smile serene?
Thy features fixed—thine eye of blue,
Wherein the loved, the lost are seen?

Some vivid thoughts we fondly cherish,
Though pleasure almost yields to pain,
When all the past that did not perish
Smiles sadly back on us again.

Still, still though wrung, we love to dwell
On scenes and forms, and feelings gone;
And oft 'mid these can Memory tell
Of some all-bright and cloudless one—

Some spot amid the waste of years
That smiles, reflects, and gladdens yet;
Where Memory sits undimmed by tears,
And there is nought we would forget.

Lone-gazing o'er Life's darkened sea,
One spot I love to watch indeed—
My grateful thoughts still turn to thee,
Land of the hospitable Swede!

I thank thee, Memory, for the light
Thou shed'st upon this lonely heart,
Whence Hope hath ta'en her distant flight,
And thou alone dost not depart.

Thou, only thou, stand'st faithful by,
When Age warns other friends to flee;—
With grateful heart, dear MEMORY!
This tome I consecrate to thee.

THE PASTOR OF CUREWELL.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAP. I.

PAGE

The Pastor's Story 1

CHAP. II.

The Pastor's Story concluded 24

CHAP. III.

The fated Hour 48

CHAP. IV.

Christiania 60

CHAP. V.

General Remarks 74

CHAP. VI.

Literature and Education 92

CHAP. VII.

The Mountains 107

CHAP. VIII.

PAGE

The Pass of Kringellen 12

(*A Traditionary Tale.*)

CHAP. IX.

The Dovre Fjeld 15

CHAP. X.

The Wedding 17

CHAP. XI.

The Forest Legend 19

CHAP. XII.

The Silver Mine of Kongsberg 24

CHAP. XIII.

Waterfalls—Laurvig 26

CHAP. XIV.

The Valediction 2

ADVENTURES

IN

THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PASTOR'S STORY.

My father was a clergyman, whose cure lay bout two miles* to the north-east of this place. oor as he was, he contrived to educate me, his nly child, at the University of Christiania, here I spent a good part of my time in study, hat I might show myself to be not undeserving

* A Norwegian mile is about 7½ English miles.

of that affection which had made many sacrifices on my account. Bred in the solitude of mountains, and early accustomed to look for no other amusements than my own bosom suggested, I have ever had an aversion to the company of the gay and the thoughtless; and whilst at Christiania, spent entirely in solitary meditation those moments which are by most men devoted to the pleasures of society or the sympathies of friendship.

There is an evil in solitude that I greatly deplore; it in no slight degree unfits us for the commerce of the world, making all intercourse with our fellow men exceedingly painful, and creating around us an ideal world of our own that we ever shrink to forsake, until driven without its influence by those rude shocks of life which continually remind us that human affairs require to be directed by active exertion. When I left the University I returned to my father's house, and did not immediately enter into holy orders. I believe I informed you that

my mother was an Englishwoman. I took great pleasure in her language, and in the literature of her country, having procured many books at Christiania that I read with the greatest avidity. My mother died whilst I was at the University, and on my return I found my father's house the scene of desolation and woe. Having but little to employ me, I yielded to the natural bent of my inclination, and passed whole days in wandering among my native mountains; nor did I remain long content with that limited range, but, accoutred like you, absented myself for weeks and months together, making many excursions over this and the neighbouring country. My passion for solitude increased with indulgence; or rather my reluctance to mix with human kind; for I was compelled to admit that happiness was not to be found in the life I was leading. No! even whilst I wandered whithersoever fancy might suggest, I was perfectly wretched; and, which was most irritating, without being able to state satisfactorily wherefore. Restless and

miserable, I wanted an object to engage my thoughts and require the exertion of activity, but knew not where to find one. My imagination, naturally vigorous, fretted within me for want of food and employment, and preyed on my mind like the dogs of Scylla on their parent. I had long determined that happiness was not to be found in the society of our fellows; that she was far distant from solitary musings I was forced to confess;—where then should I seek her? I began to wonder why I had been created, since though no worldly misfortunes allowed me to assign a rational cause for misery, I felt that I was doomed to drag out a life of despair. I could see no prospect of relief in the future; it promised to be at least as blank and motionless as the present; and I could not endure the thought of that. I would gladly have hailed any severities of fortune, might I only have combated them with the full energies of my mind. I was at times perfectly furious as I looked on the hopeless, rayless, vision of life;

and had it not been for my absolute poverty, would have wandered to the ends of the earth in search of a change of existence. At last, conceiving life to be no longer supportable, I resolved to seek oblivion and quiet in the depths of the Glommen; and accordingly wrote my father a hasty farewell, informing him of my resolution. But Providence interfered even at the last hour, and preserved my life, that I might know days and years of far bitterer anguish. Just as I was leaving the house to carry my design into execution, I met a man bearing a wooden box addressed to my late mother. Struck with curiosity, I stayed to examine it, and found it to contain some English books which had been sent her by a relation. I opened one, and soon became so deeply interested, that I determined to postpone the hour of death until I had finished the perusal of it: this done, I engaged in another, and therefore allowed myself a little longer respite; and I had not read more than two volumes of

Shakspeare, before the clouds of life began to break; my spirits revived, my appetite returned; I retired to bed late, and enjoyed sweet slumbers, and rose early and returned to my studies. I was able to smile at many pleasant passages, and absolutely laughed at the idea of Sir John Falstaff in the clothes-basket. In short, I began to think life would not be so very insupportable now that I had Shakspeare to read. There were also some good novels in this treasury, which I read with very great attention, and thought very surprising. At last, however, I got to the end of the store, and resolved not to read them again for several months, as I thought that the prospect of so great a pleasure would be motive sufficient to induce me to live, and in the meantime I should have something to anticipate and muse upon.

But these works had opened a new era to my views. I found that I had yet to begin the real business of life, which I perceived to consist in the perplexities of love. Filled with this conceit,

I resumed my wanderings over the mountains, with spirits greatly improved, for I now saw, though very indistinctly, and without any regular outline, an object in the distance which I was resolved to attain. Being determined to find a mistress somewhere or other, I visited all the farm-houses within many miles of my dwelling, but unfortunately without success, for my imagination was not sufficiently active to represent any of the ladies I met with, as the refined and elegant being I sought. Greatly disappointed and chagrined, I retired into the depths of the mountains, and with much care depicted the form and character of the divine creature I hoped one day to discover. This phantasm became now the sole subject of my thoughts, and I spent whole days in delightful colloquies with my ideal mistress. The more I dwelt on her ineffable charms, the more disgusted I became with the rustic beauties whom I occasionally saw. I had painted perfection; and what mortal should compare with the image I had set up? The graces of her sylph-

like figure were only rivalled by the beauty and richness of her mind, the refinement of her feeling, the sweetness of her temper, and the warmth of her affection. There was always a coarseness, a grossness, an ignorance or a selfishness about the material beauties I beheld, that never failed to disgust me, and I returned with increased satisfaction to my own peculiar contemplations.

I continued in this train for several months, when I began to tire of the unsubstantiality of the dream; and having read Shakspeare again—that is to say, all the plays which are not historical, for *these* I was then in no humour to enjoy, I resolved to engage in some new pursuit. I was moreover, much annoyed by the importunity of my father, who pressed me continually to enter into orders—a step I by no means inclined to, as I had a great horror of fixing myself irrevocably in one particular calling. Besides, ambitious thoughts had been lately implanted in my breast; I conceived the project of distinguishing myself, by some means

(which I had not yet determined on,) and winning the heart and hand of some beautiful being that should be the counterpart of my ideal mistress, and the daughter at least of a baron or an earl. I reflected upon the good fortune of Bassanio, in the Merchant of Venice, and Valentine, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona (doubtless far beyond their deserts,) and saw no reason why I (perhaps of equal merit) should be greatly behind them in such achievements. Just at this time also, (and I looked upon the circumstance as an especial instance of Divine favour,) the only relation I possessed in the world, that I know of, (except my father,) was good enough to die, and leave me his effects, to the amount of a thousand pounds of English money, with an exhortation to live frugally on the interest, *in more majorum*. The latter sentence, however, I did not read till the money was all spent; and now having got possession of a tolerable fortune, I bade farewell to my father, promising a speedy return, and set out for England. Whilst at the University of

Christiania, I had made but one friend, and he was an Englishman, the British Consul or Resident there, a man of small fortune but good connexions. He had offered me letters of introduction to his friends, should I ever think of visiting Great Britain, which now I did not fail to apply for, and very shortly received.

I landed at Hull with my luggage in my hand, and remained in the town several days, to recover from the first effects of astonishment; for I had never before beheld so great a concourse of people, such a hurry of business, and confusion of carriages and vehicles of every description. Surely, said I, this must be an extraordinary people; every man seems to have the care of the nation on his brow, and no one has time to pause even for a moment to salute the friend whom he meets in the street. I stood aside for about an hour, observing the countenance of every man that hurried past, but I could read nothing there save the deep traces of the finger of Mammon.

To shorten my story, I travelled from town to town by the public diligence, until I arrived at the great metropolis, where I was for a long time so amazed and confounded by its vastness, and the noise, confusion, and continual whirl which prevailed, that I began to fear I should never enjoy again the right exercise of reason. When I had somewhat recovered from the first bewildering sensations, I presented one of my letters of introduction to a relation of my friend the Consul, who received me with much civility and friendliness.

I so soon acquired the English manners, and spoke the language so fluently, that, among the ladies, I excited no feeling but disappointment; for having no idea that Old Norway produced any thing which was not of kin to a bear, they half expected to behold me with a shaggy hide and short tail.

I became now acquainted with two persons, the recollection of whom awakens in me many painful emotions, but I am resolved (having

once begun) to inform you of all the principal features of my life, and I have too long despised the bitterest pangs to be deterred by them now.

The eldest of these persons was the Countess of Humbleton, a woman not more distinguished by her rank, than the endowments of her mind, the generosity of her temper, and the justness of her discrimination. She greatly despised the fops and fools who compose the mass of that circle in which she was accustomed to move, and having been tried in her youth in the fire of adversity, had learnt to prefer sincerity to show, and the conversation of a rational being to the jargon of fashion or the simpers of affectation. It was difficult to become acquainted with her, but her friendship, once obtained, was not easily shaken; and in the course of a few months I had reason to believe myself possessed of it.

She had one daughter, Lady Emily Lispwell, beautiful, graceful, accomplished, witty, and winning; I beheld, admired, and loved. In the course of the summer I received an invitation to

spend some time at Humbleton House, in Berkshire, and during part of my stay was the only visitor; I had therefore opportunity to study the character of Lady Emily. There were some things that I certainly wished amended; she was evidently fond of admiration, and too eager to display her charms and accomplishments; at times, too, I doubted her sincerity, but a smile or a look would soon banish my suspicions, and thrill me with the most intoxicating emotions. Infatuated fool! I was mad enough to believe that a poor Norwegian, with scarce a dollar in the world, was not an unfitting match for rank, wealth, and beauty. Against these, I ventured to set in opposition my untried talents—which my absurd vanity whispered to be of no ordinary measure—and my handsome figure and features, which I then held in no slight esteem. You may laugh at these confessions if you please; I dare say many others at one period of their life have been just as absurd, with quite as slender pretensions.

At one time I would fancy that the ardour of my affection was in some degree returned; but I was often, by her casual coldness, precipitated into the depths of despair. She knew well how to manage fools: and I was indeed a fool, for I was ready to trust and love every one who addressed me with frankness and openness. My heart expanded with good-will towards all men, and I would have put myself to any inconvenience to have eased the afflicted of a single sigh, or given one beam of joy to a fellow-mortal —so weak was I in those days.

In Lady Emily Lispwell I thought I had at last found that perfection I sought; but I left Humbleton House without having declared with my lips the passion which my manner and looks almost as plainly expressed. I was rather disconcerted by the coolness of the Countess, who seemed to perceive, and disapprove of my attachment, and yet to grieve for the uneasiness it was likely to cause me.

When I returned to London I began to think

rather more calmly of the distance betwixt me and the object of my ambition; and the prospect almost drove me to despair. But I was somewhat revived by the thought that I might perhaps by some feat of talent place myself nearer on a level with the prize I aimed at, and conceived that the only mode of accomplishing this consummation would be by writing a book. As I had always been rather of a philosophical turn, I resolved to compose a hasty treatise "On the Adaptation of National Food to the development of Mental Powers in the Citizens of different Countries," in order that I might pay a compliment to your nation, by proving that there is a wonderful sympathy between roast beef and a valiant spirit, firmness of character, and honesty of heart. Vain as I was, I had still a few qualms as to the sufficiency for the task of my abilities and learning, but I was reassured by observing that in England the authors who are most wanting in these respects are the most successful and

popular; and that, in fact, no author, if he wish to stand fair in the favour of the public, is so truly unfortunate as the possessor of genius or learning.

I persevered in the work I had chosen with indefatigable industry, cheered with the thought that I had at last found a being of congenial spirit whom I might cherish with devoted fondness, and love with intensest ardour; who could feel for me, love me, *understand* me—glow as I glowed, sympathize with my keenest feelings, and charm away the gloom that was inherent in my temper by the graces of her wit and the playfulness of her disposition.

Whilst engaged one morning with my usual occupation, an acquaintance unexpectedly entered my room, and informed me that Lady Humbleton was returned to town; and he went on to add, that he knew I was in love with her daughter, and what was at least as much to the purpose, that she returned the passion with an equal ardour. I heard him with glowing

cheeks, and a beating heart, and candidly disclosed the state of my affections, and the exertions I was making to obtain the prize I panted for. He strongly dissuaded me from continuing my labours, and urged me to fly immediately to my mistress and declare my passion; and followed up his advice with so many arguments against delay that I resolved to adopt it, and that very morning set off upon my errand.

I cannot tell you how many times I stopped before I reached Lady Humbleton's door; my heart beat with terrific violence as I pondered on the best mode of opening the trenches, and as I lifted the knocker with a trembling hand, I gasped so much for breath that I could hardly ask the footman whether her ladyship were at home. She was; and I found her alone. After some trifling conversation, I entered on the subject which engrossed my soul; and then the full conviction of the madness of my conduct rushed upon me with such overwhelming

violence, that I was very near snatching up my hat and running away without waiting for an answer. Her ladyship listened with polite attention, and answered with every appearance of concern—but I cannot tell you what she answered—I do not know. My senses almost forsook me, my brain whirled, and I recollect only that she said her daughter had been engaged for several months to a man whose infamous name I do not pretend to remember. Just at this time, in came Lady Emily herself; but what passed between us I cannot tell; all is confusion, and darkness, and torture to my wrung memory, and how I left the house I have not the least recollection. The next morning I quitted London; I mounted the first diligence I found in the street, without inquiring its destination, and it brought me by evening to Ramsgate. I stayed several days there, wandering about the shore, utterly consumed with rage and despair, cursing myself a thousand times a day to the lowest pit of hell for being an

insane idiot, and wishing the earth would open and swallow me up, and hide me from my misery and shame.

A conveyance going to Hastings, I passed on thither, where I continued to rave and perform many antics on the sea-shore, to the admiration, no doubt, of the ragged scoundrels who abound at that place. One evening, as I paced up and down my room at the hotel, a man opened the door, and then immediately prepared to withdraw, apologizing for an inadvertent intrusion. But suddenly advancing into the room, he exclaimed, "Ah! is it you?" and as he seemed to solicit a recognition, I was obliged to acknowledge him for a London acquaintance. Seating himself without an invitation, he conversed for some time on various topics which were not of sufficient interest to elicit from me any remark; at length, with an affectation of sympathy in his manner, he observed, that he was sorry a foreigner had been subjected to the treatment I had received, and declared that his countrymen

were certainly the rudest and most inhospitable of any nation in the known world. I insisted on an explanation; and with much pretended confusion, and wonder at my not having heard it before, he informed me that the common topic of conversation among a certain set in London, was that Charles Sparewit had been, what is termed, quizzing *me*, (the poor, ignorant, simple stranger,) by persuading me that Lady Emily Lispwell was desperately enamoured of my person, and that upon the strength of his suggestions I had actually gone and proposed to her!—"But," continued my amiable informant, "I ventured to contradict it all, and said I was sure it was nothing but a damned lie of that amusing dog, Sparewit. Don't let it annoy you therefore, my dear fellow, for though it created much merriment a week ago, I dare say it is quite forgotten by this time." I did not hear the rascal to an end, but broke out into such a fury of invectives against Sparewit, the world in general, and all my own friends in particular,

(not forgetting my informant,) that he thought proper to effect his escape from the apartment with more haste than decorum, whilst I continued to pour forth aloud a storm of curses and maledictions, not less bitter than sincere, and strode about the room for at least an hour before the tempest in any degree abated. At last I controlled myself sufficiently to ask if the mail had departed for London; and learning it had not, I secured a place by it; and that night set forth again for the metropolis.

Knowing that Sparewit was in the habit of walking in Hyde Park at an early hour every morning, I resolved to await him there, and accordingly repaired to that part which adjoins Kensington Gardens. The morning was foggy, and I despaired of meeting him; but as I leant against a tree considering of the steps to be adopted, I suddenly beheld him walking alone at the distance only of a few paces.

I stood before him in an instant, and he started as he recognised me. The blackness

of hell was in my heart and looks, and my voice trembled with the anxiety of revenge. "I have found you, Sir," I said, "and at last know you to be an execrable scoundrel, a diabolical villain, a cold-blooded ruffian. You are a systematic liar—your whole life is a lie—a detestable hypocrite, a contemptible slave. Take your choice of these pistols, and defend yourself." I presented them; he hesitated, stammered, and was infinitely confounded; but I pressed him with stern impetuosity, and he took one and retreated a few steps; I followed close—"Now!" I shouted, "fire! now!" We fired, and—

The pastor ceased speaking, and glared with his eye full upon me.

"And what?" cried I.

He resumed:—And *I shot him;* shot him through the heart. I stood over his body a moment, to see that he was actually dead, and then made my escape through the fog. I found a carriage that was just leaving for Hull, and

thither I repaired. In a few days I embarked on board of a vessel bound to Bergen, and in a short time found myself once more in my native land.

CHAPTER II.

THE PASTOR'S STORY CONCLUDED.

FROM Bergen I resolved to walk across the country to the abode of my father. I knew it to be a work of difficulty, but I wished to have obstacles to overcome. In my passage across the North Sea I had found leisure to reflect on the death of Sparewit, and I began to think that I might perhaps have been too hasty in my rage. Perhaps the venomous fool who had poured the poison into my ear at Hastings, had either greatly exaggerated, or even wholly invented the story; and as the possibility of this presse

on my mind, I cursed the impetuosity which had hurried me to the act, and in horror and bitterness of spirit, flung my pistols as far as I could into the sea.

The country betwixt Bergen and Christiania is the wildest, and sternest, and gloomiest in the world; there are innumerable lakes, and bare, frowning, rocky mountains to be crossed; precipices to be climbed, and dark and apparently endless forests to be traversed. Desolation and dreariness brood over the barren scene, and death-like stillness seems to weigh down the air. I walked on for weeks together, sometimes oppressed with the keenest feelings of remorse, and horror, and hopeless despair. One night, I remember in particular;—I had looked out in vain for the shelter of a cottage, and darkness overtook me in the depths of an immense pine-forest. I shall never forget the sensations that filled me; I had been brooding throughout the day on my crimes and follies, and their present and future punishment, and now, as a gentle

rain wetted my cheeks, and I stumbled along the dark and slippery path, with every energy broken and depressed — houseless, helpless, hopeless, weaponless — an universal horror fastened on my soul. The legends of my youth rose up in my memory, and I expected continually to find the forest demon standing in my path to demand the wretch whose hands were stained with human blood. As I hurried along, I dared not turn my head to either side, lest I should behold some horrible apparition standing under the dark branches.

The faint light scarcely penetrated below the tops of the trees, and the pathway might hardly be discerned; there was not a breath of wind —not a leaf stirred, but the small rain pattered unceasingly; save its low voice, all around was stillness,—so hushed that Nature seemed to hold her breath in expectation of some dreadful crisis. The awful silence weighed upon my heart; my knees smote together, and I paused and leant upon my staff. I was a *murderer*

and *something* told me with terrible distinctness that God had forsaken me, and left me a prey to the bears of the forest, or the relentless demons that pervade it. How should I know that one stood not close to me at that moment? Were I to shout for aid, what human ear would hearken to my cries? my voice would only acquaint my foes of the presence of their victim. I felt afraid to advance, lest I should disturb the universal repose; the sound of my own footsteps shocked me. Just then I heard the crackling of a dead stick not far from my side, as though some hostile foot had passed over it. A deadly chill ran through my veins; I stopped and strained my eyes in that direction, struggling to penetrate the darkness, which no human eye could pierce. The noise occurred again, and there was also a slight rustling sound; —in an agony of undefinable terror, I screamed and shouted, in the hope of frightening away whatever was about to assail me. I had no other means of defence, if that indeed itself

were any; and I listened anxiously for the result. The charm of silence was broken by the shout; the forest rang with the sound; the neighbouring mountains rolled it around me in every direction, and at last bore it far away into distance, growing hollower and fainter as it departed; but ere it went, it was caught up and distorted by a hundred answering echoes, that seemed striving only to mock me. Silence at last returned, more appalling even than noise. How contemptible is man in such a situation! so utterly helpless and defenceless! He is told of his littleness by a voice that makes him shrink; and he hurries on his course like a caitiff bearing the curses of a world.

At length the forest was passed, and a plain appeared; and the rising moon was seen struggling through the mists and dews of night. What a flood of joy, what elation of spirit transported me, as I emerged from darkness into comparative light! The bears and demons were again slighted or defied, for I could now *see*

whatever should venture to attack; and I sprang forward a new being, until the appearance of a black object in the midst of the plain startled me into soberness. This proving to be only an isolated rock, I advanced on my way with renovated spirits.

I dwell on these idle particulars, only because I dread to approach the close of my story—but let me hasten on. I reached my father's house, at length, and found him well. After a short delay, I consented to enter into holy orders and assist my father in his duties, until I should procure a living of my own. It was not till many months had elapsed, that I could bear to think without madness on my unfortunate career in England; and now I again began to ramble over my native hills, and the thoughts of my youth rose up again within me, though sadder, and fainter, and gloomier. My soul still yearned for a sympathizing being, to whom I might pour out my thoughts, and receive in return consolation and peace. But I felt that I was

doomed to wander through life companionless, pitiless, joyless,—without an object that could afford me interest, or a thought that could give me pleasure.

Now, Sir, I come to a part of my tale that I mention with reluctance, for I know the English affect to sneer at what they term supernatural agency; but if you remain a short time in this country, you will find hundreds of people who have been eye-witnesses of the existence and active interference of superior beings. It was one evening in summer, when the sun was as hot as in Italy, and the gnats and muskitoes* swarmed thickly in the air, that I slowly followed the course of the Glommen, in the direction of my cheerless home. The river wound through a deep dell, whose sides, though verdant, were unclad with trees, and contained various hollows or recesses. As I passed along, I chanced to raise my eyes midway up one of the hills, ar-

* During the summer months the muskitoes are very troublesome, both in Norway and Lapland.

in a hollow, which afforded a trifling shade, I thought I perceived the recumbent figure of a woman. My curiosity being greatly excited, I began to climb the hill, and, in a short time, stood before an object that filled me with astonishment and admiration. It was a beautiful female figure, slightly made, delicately and exquisitely proportioned. She lay sleeping on the short soft grass; one arm supported her head, and her face was half shaded by the other. Her dress was a tunic of purple, bordered with an edge of the finest fur, open at the throat and clasped over her bosom by a jewel of wonderful lustre. Her rich vest depended barely to her knee, and her beautiful feet were protected by buskins made of the undressed coat of the hare. Her slender waist was girt with a belt of gold, in which was thrust a narrow dagger of the same metal, and by her side lay a hunting-staff, pointed with silver. I have described her person; but her face—great God! how shall I describe *that?* Though her features are now

as palpable to mine eye, as though she stood actually before me, I have not language to declare, nor power to paint them.

I stood gazing, lost in a transport of delight; her face was so divinely formed, that every feature was perfect; on her sleeping lip played the smile of youth, and innocence, and happiness; her long eye-lashes rested on her delicate cheeks, which were tinged with the bloom of health; and her dark brown hair was arranged with the neatness of a Grecian maiden, for the blue cap which should have concealed it—in form something like what your countrymen term the Scotch bonnet—had fallen aside.

I gazed on this fascinating creature with an intensity of eagerness that made me tremble in every limb. I hardly dared to breathe lest I should awake her, and she vanish from my sight, for I knew she was not a child of mortal birth; so I retired backward a few paces, and knelt down, and worshipped. "Beautiful vision!" I murmured, "hast thou been sen

from the land of spirits to bring heaven to the unhappy, and now having fulfilled thy mission, lingerest here on thy return?

"Daughter of the evening star! how clear, how transparent is thy skin! how delicate are thy lineaments, how transporting thy beauty! Where is the land which thou lovest to honour?—is it the fervid West, or the far-distant, incense-breathing East? What storm hath driven thee to this rugged clime? Beautiful being! if thou needest aid, would that I might be permitted to struggle and die for thee! To what world, and to what class of intelligences dost thou belong? Art thou the Iris of heaven, or one of those deities whose existence we profanely disbelieved, or art thou the daughter of the spirit of the mountains? If such be thine origin, wilt thou listen to the voice of a mortal, wilt thou deign to look on the grossness of a material being? O! leave me not to misery and despair—quench not that light which thy radiancy has kindled in the darkness of my

desolate heart, but condescend to hearken and speak to me."

As I said these words, I cautiously approached the object of my adoration; her countenance still wore the smile of heaven, and her bosom heaved gently with unconscious placidity. I stooped my head, and kissed the hem of her garment. Suddenly she awoke, and quick as light sprang to her feet, and her silver-shod hunting-spear was presented to my breast, whilst I bent my head inviting the stroke. For several moments we remained in this attitude; then a voice of music addressed me:—"Mortal!" it said, "what seekest thou?" "Celestial!" I answered,—"death!" "When the sun shines forth in his glory, and the waters sparkle beneath his rays, and the birds sing with joy, and the whole earth laughs and is glad—son of mortality, why seekest thou death?"

"Because the sun shines not for me, and I have no sympathy with the joy of the birds; and, though the whole earth rejoice, what

mattereth it to me, who am oppressed with wretchedness and weariness and woe?"

"Mortal!" said the spirit, "look up!" I looked, and beheld a smile of ineffable grace lighting her features, whilst her large blue eyes, beaming upon me, filled my soul with the effulgence of their glory, and ravished my senses with unutterable transports. "Art thou now oppressed with heaviness?" she asked. "Essence of brightness!" I replied, "I sink with rapture;" and, as I spoke, I declined prostrate at her feet. It may be, she was touched with the fervour of my devotion, or a tenderer sentiment inspired her with compassion. In those days (I speak without vanity, God knows,) I bore some traces of beauty,* and my countenance ever expressed the emotions that were kindled in my heart. After a moment's pause, the seraph touched me with her staff, and such instantaneous vigour flashed through

* I will believe it, for when I saw him he had the most intellectually-beautiful countenance I ever beheld.

my veins, that I sprung to my feet and stood by her side. She rested with one foot on the point of a little rock that jutted through the turf, but scarcely seemed to press it, so light, so elegant, so airy was her form. "Come!" she said, "we will sit down here, in the warmth of the sun;—and now tell me, mortal, what has made thee unhappy?" I answered, as I seated myself at a short distance from her,—"Alas! fair spirit, you will scarcely sympathize with the waywardness of the human heart; its contradictions and absurdities will scarcely be understood by one so pure and unerring. I have received, by the blessing of Heaven, sufficient to answer my worldly wants, and satisfy mere animal nature. I have food, and raiment, and shelter, and more wealth than I have the means to spend; and with these, most men would, doubtless, be happy. But I have long sighed for something more;—I want the power to enjoy them. I am alone, as far as my intellectual capacities are concerned,—there is none with

whom to commune, or sympathize, or grieve. I have a soul, ardent and active, that hath long been consuming itself in vain strugglings which only serve to baffle and confound it. I have a heart glowing with warmth, that fain would be communicated to a being of kindred spirit; but I have searched far and wide, and found not that I sought, and have been obliged to confess that the creature of my hope is too faultless to have a place among the children of mortality. Thus to be condemned to go through the world alone, without the hope of a joy to invite me forward, or the obstacle of any fresh sorrow, or any stern difficulty, to change the current of my thoughts, or allow the full exercise of my natural energies—is not such a life sufficient to render me unhappy?

"But why do I thus complain? Beautiful being! pardon the selfishness that caused me to dwell on so worthless a subject. Dare I ask, whence thou hast come, and whither thou goest, and where is thy home? But oh! part not yet

from me, but permit me to sit by thy side, and gaze on thy wondrous sweetness."

"Mortal!" she said, as I strove to catch her hand, "beware! touch me, and you never behold me more; I leave you for ever to ceaseless regrets, and the consuming blight of your own wayward spirit. Know then, although you have never seen me before this hour, I have often beheld you, as you wandered with contracted brow over these cloud-supporting hills. I have observed in you, energies wasted, time misemployed, and reason misdirected. Ernest Vormensen, you were worthy a nobler destiny. There is a loftiness in your thoughts, and a magnanimity in your temper, that lift you above the despicable herd of wealth-seeking mortals, and place you nigh on a level with a superior order of beings. I have seen, I have compassionated you; and would do much to reclaim you from the trammels by which you are environed. Much, however, depends upon yourself. Cast aside that fainting despondency which is

unworthy the greatness of your temper, and assume the cheerfulness that should ever attend a lofty and vigorous spirit.

"For myself, though I be not of your clay, you see I can sympathize with the griefs of mortality. There belongs to our order a keenness of sense, an acuteness and delicacy of feeling, that scarcely pertains to unethereal beings. But ask me not, whence I come, nor whither I go; in time, perhaps, I may tell you all—should I find you deserving;—it is enough for you now to know, that I am a daughter of a mighty race, who sometimes visit your earth, but are permitted to reveal themselves only to one mortal at a time. Do not think that we are perfect or purified; we have, alas! but too many of the frailties and passions that are common to human nature, and are afflicted with innumerable sorrows that ever accompany a state of probation and dependency."

She ceased; but the music of her liquid voice still played in my ear—more harmonious than

the sound of the softest lute; and some moments elapsed before I could reply; "Essential being! I am filled with such a delirium of delight at being permitted thus to be nigh, and gaze upon thee, that to speak is painful; I could for ever look and be silent. Thy transcendent goodness in thus visiting thy meanest servant, animates me with the liveliest gratitude; and would that I knew how to manifest the immensity of my devotion! Sweetest, divinest perfection!" I continued, throwing myself prostrate on my knees in a passion of love and adoration,— "accept the homage of my heart and my soul. I am thine, for ever and ever thine; I seek only to serve, and be permitted to adore. Thou art the being my soul hath long panted to discover; to thee I have long given the full ardour of my thoughts, and my spirit hath already conversed with thine, in the land of the immortals, where thou art the fairest and purest——" Here she interrupted the tide of my rhapsody, saying, as she arose gracefully from her seat, "Peace,

Ernest Vormensen; you speak only the intemperate language of passion, when I expected to find your lips the fountain of wisdom and truth. I must now bid you farewell..... Cease, my friend, cease,—well, well, I will promise,—yes, you shall find me here to-morrow evening, two hours before the sun declines behind yonder mountain. One thing only is required to ensure my return; you must swear by all you hold most sacred never to follow my steps to the summit of this hill, nor seek to learn whither I depart. Do you swear?" I swore. "Now, then, adieu!" and, as she spoke, she turned, and gracefully waved her arm, and smiled with inconceivable sweetness, and immediately sprang up the hill, light as a young fawn, and disappeared over its edge.

I stood for some time like one deprived of the animating principle of life, and then withdrew full of wonder, buoyant hope, and delightful anticipation.

The next day, you may be sure, I was early

at the place of meeting; indeed I repaired thither in the morning, and remained the whole day in feverish expectation, with my eyes fixed on the summit of the hill. At last I saw her approach; a few agile bounds brought her to my side; her eyes beaming with pleasure, and her cheeks blushing with the consciousness of it. I hastened to catch her hand, but she started aside, and shook her head with ill-affected anger. I strove to express the transports of my joy at again beholding her, and we walked side by side, down the hill to the bank of the swift-gliding river. But why need I dwell thus minutely on these ecstatic moments? Enough! we met daily, and conversed on a thousand interesting subjects, and wandered on the banks of the Glommen, where I drank madly of the fountain of love. One thing certainly afflicted me—that, with all my dexterity, I was never able to snatch a kiss, nor ever succeeded in touching even her hand.

Summer passed on, and autumn approached.

One evening I met Zuliska (so was I taught to address her) with sadness and discomposure in her looks. She told me it was the last time we should be permitted to meet for many months; her destiny took her far away, but in the summer she would again return, and perhaps fate would permit our happiness then to be fully accomplished. She added too, with a brightening brow, and an ingenuous blush, that she was about to visit her sire, and hoped to obtain his consent to our union; and then she would take me to a land of continual sunshine, where I should dwell in honour and power, and our whole days would be passed in blissfulness and peace. The first part of this communication depressed me to the depths of despair; but her last words elevated me to an extraordinary pitch of joyful hope. But ah! the thought of parting was very bitter. For so many months to be deprived of the presence of this exquisite creature, who was in the daily habit of walking by my side with grace and dignity in her steps,

heaven in her eye, and unspeakable love in her looks—the thought was madness. And now she stood leaning on her long and slender staff, pensive and thoughtful, her fixed eyes bent on the eddying river. O! that I might have cheered her with an embrace, or wept out my soul on her cheek!—But alas, I dared not approach.—Enough! we parted, and I was left a prey to the most overwhelming misery.

The long, cheerless winter set in, and I thought was never to end, but at length spring reappeared, and summer again shed her smiles over the reviving earth. Again I wandered on the banks of the Glommen, and again, O joy of joys! I had the inexpressible rapture of meeting my beloved Zuliska, more radiantly beautiful than ever. Sir, Sir, though the heavenly witchery of her air, and the transcendency of her beauty, might have entranced me, yet was the conquest completed by the ineffable grace of her thoughts, the soundness of her wisdom, the quick tenderness of her heart, and the exquisite propriety of

her every act. O my God! why was I permitted to see and adore!—but let me not anticipate. She had not found the opportunity she hoped of communicating our wishes to her father, but she still assured me that the time drew nigh when she would be permitted to introduce me into the land of the genii. Heaven and earth! Let me bring my tale to a conclusion, or I shall go raving mad, so vivid does it rise before my memory. We continued to meet, in the full enjoyment of love, for several weeks; but one evening I waited in vain at the accustomed spot for the coming of Zuliska. With the most terrible forebodings I returned home late at night. On the following evening I had no better fortune, and despair and anguish took full possession of my soul. At last, on the third day, I beheld her approach; alas! how different was her motion to the usual vivacity which brought her to my side. I flew to meet her, and found her in tears. I was too much shocked and oppressed to speak for some moments, but

too soon drew forth the cause of her sorrow.—Pardon me, Sir, I can—I can scarcely utter. She told me she had at last acquainted her father with our intercourse, and he, with furious rage, had insisted upon its being broken off, and intended to convey her away on the morrow to a distant region, whence she never might return, or behold me more. O the horror, the anguish, the madness that seized me, on this fatal annunciation! For a long time I was perfectly speechless, and then broke out into the most passionate lamentations. But the doom was inevitable; no wild scheme which the extremity of my anguish suggested, could convey to our bosoms a single ray of hope; and Zuliska was compelled, after a prolonged interview, with a bursting heart, and a trembling, passionate agony of grief, to sign me an eternal adieu. She advanced a step towards me, and I rushed into her arms—but clasped only the thin air, and fell to the earth in a swoon. When I awoke, I perceived this ring lying close to my face;—it

is the only palpable memento I possess of Zuliska.

How my days have passed since that terrible hour, I can scarcely narrate. My father soon afterwards went the way of all mortal things, and I came to reside in this parish. For many years I frequented the scene of my brief, though unutterable, happiness; but I have long ceased to visit it, and now *dare* not approach it—I know not why, but I *dare* not; an overpowering awe takes possession of my soul whenever I recal the quiet depths of those solemn hills, undisturbed by any sound save the low murmurs of the Glommen.

CHAPTER III.

THE FATED HOUR.

When the Pastor had made an end of speaking, there ensued a profound silence, which lasted several minutes. I was engaged in reflecting upon the extraordinary tale I had just heard, and in speculating on the state of my friend's wits; nor could I help rejoicing that he lived in a land where commissions "De Lunatico," &c. are seldom mentioned, and that he had no great wealth to excite the cupidity of the lawyers, the avarice of his relations, or the kind interference of his friends. His story, though

part of it, no doubt, was the effect only of an excited imagination, displayed a moral that might not be overlooked. He had been born of an unhappy temperament, and the miseries he had endured through life were chiefly of his own creating; the errors into which he had fallen were such as await all men of ardent imaginations, who yield to the suggestions of indolence, and waste their lives in profitless inactivity. The contemplation, too, of this man's unhappiness rebuked my own repining, for however miserable I might have conceived myself to be, yet how much reason had I to rejoice when I compared my condition with his!

There was one part of his story, however, that filled me with some perplexity—the possession of the ring which he said he had obtained in so extraordinary a manner. He certainly spoke from the sincerest conviction (as the sequel indeed will prove), and could not have acquired the ring by any other means without knowing how it had come into his possession. I saw it

myself; it was of fine gold, curiously worked, and contained a stone of a most dazzling lustre, with whose genus I was entirely unacquainted.

The pastor spoke little more this evening, being apparently wrapped up in recollections which his late discourse had excited; and I soon afterwards retired to my bed. Sleep, however, refused to visit me; my thoughts continually recurred to the story I had just heard, and the image of the beautiful Zuliska and her ill-fated lover incessantly passed before my eyes.

Though I need not say I disbelieved every word of the tale, it yet retained a most provoking hold on my imagination. In the still hours of night, when we lie on a sleepless bed, the prey of every thought that chooses to oppress us, it is curious to observe how greatly our credulity increases. A feeling of awe creeps over, that almost forbids us the power of scepticism; and if we do not admit, we yet dare not imperiously deny. When does the thought of death come upon us with such overwhelming terrors, as in

the silent loneliness of night, whilst we lie vainly beseeching the oblivion of sleep? When is the dread of futurity so blasting and terrible, as at that solemn hour?

What damning fears, what dreadful agony must occasionally be the portion, at this hour, of the wretched infidel, and blasphemous disbeliever! No wonder that some of the most learned, and most infamous of the crew, avoided seeking repose till night began to merge in morning. And yet, terrible as may have been our mental sufferings during the night, how soon are they forgotten! how slight was their impression! like the chill dews, they are removed by the returning sun, and leave not a trace of their visitation. Such is the buoyancy and elasticity of the mind, that it laughs in the morning at the fears which tortured it only a few hours before.

It was a long while before I sank into sleep, and then was speedily awakened by a noise in the house. I sat up and listened, and soon

heard a kind of laughing scream that disturbed me very greatly, and caused me to bless myself with much devotion. Soon I distinguished the sound of a heavy body falling on the floor. In much alarm I jumped up, huddled on a few garments, and groped my way into the passage, where I saw the old female servant hurrying with a light to the room of her master. I entered with her, and to my deep concern, though not greatly to my surprise, beheld my unfortunate host stretched on the floor in his night apparel, in violent convulsions. When their vehemence had abated, we succeeded in reconveying him to bed, beside which I sat during the remainder of the night. Towards morning he grew delirious, and raved with great extravagance in the Norwegian language; but from the frequent repetition of the name of Zuliska I was at no loss to comprehend the subject of his thoughts.

As he grew no better during the early part of the day, I had little doubt but he was attacked

with a brain fever, and in the absence of a more experienced surgeon proceeded, with the assistance of the old woman, to bleed him with my penknife.

In the meantime I had despatched a rustic for the nearest person that styled himself a doctor, and who, I learnt, lived about twelve miles distant. This gentleman arrived late in the evening, and I delivered over my patient to his care. The medicine he prescribed seemed to be little more than a decoction of simple herbs; and under the influence of this mess, the poor sufferer grew so rapidly worse, that I endeavoured by all the signs I was master of to make the doctor comprehend that he ought to bleed him again. But that learned individual turned a deaf ear to my suggestions, and, fully believing that it was an ague, or the measles, or a quinsey that afflicted my poor friend, continued to pour into his stomach his essence of boiled grass, and crushed cabbage-stalks.

During the whole of the next day, matters

continued in this state; but, in the evening, when the doctor retired to enjoy a potation of brandy, and the repose of a couch, I ventured to throw his infernal messes through the window, and producing my instrument, took about a quart of blood from the patient, which had the effect of giving him immediate relief; insomuch, that he slept comfortably for several hours, and I seized the opportunity to obtain a little repose myself. It was morning when I awoke, and I found my friend much refreshed by the slumber he had enjoyed, and perfectly conscious. He took me by the hand, thanked me for the attendance which he perceived I had been giving, and hoped I would remain another day to fulfil the last offices of that friendship which circumstances had so recently created between us. I reproved his despondency, and assured him that I looked forward to his speedy restoration. "No," he replied, "do not flatter me, nor deceive yourself—to-morrow I die. I have seen her," he continued, convulsively

grasping my hand, and staring hard in my face; "I have seen her!—Listen:—after bidding you good night, I retired to bed, but could not sleep. Having lain awake some hours, I heard a slight noise in the room, and immediately it was filled with a pale light, and I beheld the form of Zuliska approach my bed. The playfulness of youth had vanished from her face, and a severe majesty sat on her brow. 'Mortal!' she said, 'your hour is come. The day after the morrow, when the evening sun is level with the earth, I will return and claim my ring.' As she ceased, the light faded away, darkness returned—and she was gone. I think I tried to throw myself into her arms, but I cannot recollect distinctly."

I used all the arguments in my power to assure the poor sufferer that his imagination had deceived him, but he refused to be convinced. He was now so much better, that I verily believe he would have lived to this day, had he not fallen a sacrifice to the ignorance of

his nurse and doctor. These sapient personages, concluding that he was already quite recovered, and, taking advantage of my absence on a walk, administered, by way of an afternoon meal, a large bowl of corn-brandy and beaten eggs, which they considered, no doubt, would be very comfortable and refreshing. The consequence was, that the fever returned; delirium was again at its height, and, in the course of twelve hours, the thread of life was almost outspun, and Atropos stood ready with her shears.

The evening approached of that day which he had himself foretold would be his last, and consciousness returned as the hour of dissolution drew nigh. I stood at the window, and the dying man asked if the sun did not already touch the horizon. I endeavoured to deceive him by answering, that it was still high in the heavens. "My friend," he thus took up the discourse in a weak and broken voice, "be not affected; there is no need of grief for me; all my days have been full of heaviness and woe,

and the prospect of peace is indeed welcome to my soul. Alas! that I should have passed through life without having done more of good to my fellow-men; but, O Lord God! remember mine infirmities, and pardon my errors! My flock, I think, have not been neglected, and they, at least, will mourn me with sincerity. Who will now watch over, and feel for them, as I have felt? The earth is to know me no more—but what of that? Let us think of the glories of immortality. My kind friend, be not disturbed—I have much that I wish to speak of, but at present my breath fails. You see this ring on my finger—watch it;" and now he fell back on the bed, and his respiration became very difficult. He lay some time perfectly still. I looked through the window;—*the sun was level with the horizon.* The dying man suddenly raised himself in bed, and a flash of wild joy lighted up, for the last time, his pale features and glaring eye, as he stretched forth his arms towards some object which none but himself

might perceive—and immediately fell back and expired.

Several of his flock soon came into the room, which they filled with vain lamentations, and I walked abroad to vent my sorrow in silent rumination. O death! death! where shall we turn to avoid the sight of thy consuming rage? Vain, vain, are all the passages of life; there is nothing in this world but vanity and trouble. Would that I were dead, rather than live thus to see perish around me all those in whom I feel an interest.

I now remembered my poor friend's last behest respecting the fated ring, and instantly retraced my steps to the house. The mourners were still about the body, but when I examined, I found that the ring was gone. I explained to them what I sought, but each protested that he knew nothing of the circumstance; I afterwards regretted that I had not caused them to be searched, as undoubtedly one among them must have possessed himself of the jewel.

I determined to remain until the funeral had taken place, which occurred in a few days. Every soul in the parish was present, and sincerer grief I never saw manifested. With the aid of a dictionary that I found among the few books of the deceased, I composed the following epitaph in the Norse tongue, which was intended to be carved on a wooden tablet at the head of his grave, among the silent hills that border the Glommen:—

HERE LIES

ERNEST VORMENSEN,

WHOM POVERTY AND MISERY

ENVIED ONLY WHEN

DYING.

CHAPTER IV.

CHRISTIANIA.

THE day after the funeral, I took my departure from this secluded hamlet, crossed the Glommen, and addressed my steps in the direction of Christiania. In the evening I halted at a large farm house and inn, at a place which I believe to be called Vegger; but, as I have before observed, few of the country towns which appear on the map consist of more than four wooden houses, situated just within hail of each other, and it is therefore difficult sometimes to guess whether you are in a town or not. At this

place of entertainment I procured for supper a bowl of milk, bread and butter and brandy; for all which I was chiefly indebted to the compassion of an old woman, the man who owned the house treating me rather superciliously, and seeming to regard me with an eye of suspicion. On being shown my bed-room, I was not a little dismayed by its uninviting appearance. Arranged in a row against one of the walls, were three square boxes or dens filled with straw, whilst the other side of the apartment was almost entirely occupied by a huge chimney that made its appearance from the kitchen below. The midmost of the beds was covered with a couple of sheets, which might, in their better days, have served as the sail of a fishing-boat; and here, wrapping myself in my cloak, I ventured to repose, and happily being much fatigued, slept soundly until morning. After breakfasting the next morning, and having discharged my account, which was something under nine-pence English, I renewed my journey.

The day was cheerful, the country agreeable, and I entered with feelings of pleasure the last pine forest that lay betwixt me and Christiania.

Even at some distance from the capital, the country became populous; houses were constantly in sight, and sometimes thickly scattered. Every step told me I was approaching a place of some importance. I had long kept in view a range of fine mountains, which were overtopped by others covered with snow, and imagined that Christiania lay somewhere between these; I was therefore not a little surprised when, in the evening, I found myself looking down into a very deep valley which contained a considerable town, just beneath my feet. I thought it would seem very ridiculous in a stranger approaching our own metropolis, to stop the first man he met, with the question,—"Friend, is this London?" and so I was ashamed to ask whether the town I beheld were really Christiania, but taking it for granted, passed down the steep descent, and with some difficulty discovered

the only tolerable inn it boasts, the Hotel du Nord.

The situation of Christiania is very beautiful, at the head of an extensive fiord, or arm of the sea, that has the appearance of a lake, and is covered with islands of all sizes and forms. Behind the town is a wide and extensive valley, thickly studded with white farm houses, and having much the character of the vale of Tuscany, to the north of Florence, which, however, it greatly surpasses in beauty and variety.*

On one side of the town (to the north) is a barrier of mountains, which, though distant,

* It is rather surprising that people should persist, year after year, in repeating exaggerations or falsehoods, only because it is easier to adopt the opinion of others than to form one ourselves. There is neither wood nor water to give charms to the scenery in the neighbourhood of Florence; long lines of bare hills compress it, which want height to give them dignity, and variety to make them picturesque. Here and there are groves of sickly olive trees, whose dull silver hue does not add much to the beauty of the prospect. Although Mr. Rogers is pleased to describe Florence as the "fairest of cities," perhaps he could scarcely explain what he means by the term. The streets are miserably narrow, and

have the appearance of being close at hand, and on the other, the steep hill by which I descended. The town is said to contain ten or twelve thousand inhabitants; the houses are generally of brick, except in the suburbs, where they are entirely of wood, but have altogether a mean appearance. The streets are badly paved, and therefore walking is by no means agreeable. Timber is the principal export, but the harbour does not exhibit any great quantity of shipping. The kingdom of Sweden and Norway possesses no navy; it has only one frigate, a corvette, and two brigs.

The king visits this capital every third year, and is neither popular nor odious among the Norwegians, who seem to regard him with the most profound indifference. In his absence, this portion of the realm is governed by a

execrably dirty, and not one of them pursues a straight line for two hundred yards together; in fact, as you drive through the principal thoroughfares, you cannot help thinking them the back streets, and keep ever looking out for something better—which, however, never appears.

Viceroy, who resides at Christiania, and is assisted by a parliament, called the Storthing, which consists of members elected by the land-owners and burghers.

I was frequently informed that the society of Christiania is very agreeable, but I did not remain long enough to become much acquainted with it. There is an University here, which seems to be conducted much on the principle of those of Germany, and no doubt tends to raise the tone of society in the capital by requiring the residence of men of education, and principally of those of the clerical order.

The clergy generally throughout the country are well off, many livings being worth several hundreds a year; and then their parishioners never fail to make them frequent presents of poultry, cheeses, &c., so as to reduce their domestic expenses very materially. In the country, the clergy, though mostly men of some education, unavoidably sink down to the level of those by whom they are surrounded; nor

ought we to expect to find them of much refinement, who are excluded from the pleasures of elegant society, and entirely deprived of the advantages of intellectual conversation. An English gentleman resident a few miles from Frederikstad, was one day dining with the parson of his parish, when a pig took the liberty to walk into the room, and amused itself with grunting under the table among the legs of the guests. The parson perceiving that the Englishman did not much admire this intrusion, suggested that the creature should be expelled the room, but his wife objected to the cruelty of the order,—"O never mind the poor thing," said she; "let her stay!" and so she was suffered to remain. I mention this anecdote, because I believe it to be a characteristic trait of the manners and habits of that rank of persons of whom it is related. But though the country clergy be not a very polished, I think they may be considered a very respectable race of men; doing much good in their calling, and being

very valuable to the poor farmers and peasants both as instructors and examples.

The Lutheran ministers are, I verily believe, a simple and virtuous body of men, and far superior to the working clergy (at least) of the Roman Catholics in any part of the world. Compare the Norwegian and Swedish pastors with those of Switzerland, who except in three of the cantons (I think) are Roman Catholics. Whilst wandering one day in one of the wildest parts of the southern extremity of the canton of Unterwalden, I fell in with a little village that bore a great resemblance to some of those in the countries I have just been treating of; and looking about for an inn where I might obtain some refreshment, I asked a man if there were such a place in the village. When I spoke, I stood close to a rather neat cottage which confronted the church, and at a window of which stood a man in black, with a black cotton scull-cap on his head. This part of his person was immediately thrust through the window, as

he bawled out, "Yes, mein-herr, this is a ghasthaus" (or inn)—and ran to the door to welcome me. Though I knew it to be the parsonage-house, and did not perceive any reason why he should tell a lie about the matter, I yet was much obliged to him for his hospitable intentions, and gladly accepted his offer of some bad wine and a crust of bread and cheese. It soon became apparent that I was no match for him in the German language, which in fact I knew nothing of; the extent of my abilities being limited to the expression of my wants;—he therefore asked if I spoke French. I replied that I did a little, and forthwith delivered myself of some observations in that language. I soon found, however, that my host's learning in this respect extended no farther than to the question he had asked, and the solitary exclamations, "le diable!" and "misérable!" He then wore round on another tack, and having ruminated a short time (which I spent more profitably on his bread and cheese), hawked up

sufficient learning to demand in the Roman dialect, whether I spoke Latin. Having imbibed a hasty bumper of worse than ordinary "vin ordinaire" to give edge to resolution and rub off a little of the rust of memory, I responded in the affirmative; and straightway a very elegant and facetious dialogue was commenced. On my part, I freely confess that my conversation bore as much resemblance to true Virgilian as my friend's wine did to honest port or that of Chios, whilst his was a kind of lingua franca, a free and easy adaptation of Latin terminations to German words, interspersed with his favourite interjections of "diable!" and "misérable!" when the utmost exertion of wit could not enable us to comprehend each other's meaning. He was a fat, comfortable-looking man, and very facetious withal, laughing incessantly at his own humour. We were waited on by a pleasing young woman, of respectable appearance, and dressed with much neatness, who, after supplying our wants, brought her chair and sat a little

distance apart, listening with much attention to a conversation that she certainly could not be expected to understand. The reverend minister, pointing to her, asked me if there were in my country many such? I replied that we were fortunate enough to possess many "formosæ puellæ," and conceiving the lady present to be his daughter or niece, I contrived to pay her as many compliments as my Latin would allow. The pastor laughed, and chuckled, and rubbed his hands, and seemed excessively delighted, but I could not imagine what pleased the reverend gentleman so highly, till he asked me several indecent questions on the state of morality in this country, and then, pointing to the lady, observed with a loud laugh, "Est meum scortum, est mea meretrix!" and took the pains to translate the same to the poor woman, who, to her praise be it said, looked not a little distressed. Soon afterwards I rose to depart, saying, "Abeundum est mihi—gratias plurimas ago;" but he interrupted me with,

"Sex *batzia* tantùm" (about a shilling), which I paid, thinking as scurvily of his hospitality as I was scandalized by his character, and gladly turned my back on him. Unfortunately there are many such coarse, vulgar-minded wretches among the clergy of Switzerland, and all other countries where the Roman Catholic religion prevails.

The Norwegian clergy, however, would not only set a laudable example to the Swiss, but in some respects might instruct also our own; for I do not believe that among them the cause of religion is weakened by the variance of party, or the want of a general co-operation. Alas! that our church should be distracted by internal divisions among those professing to be her friends and defenders, whilst she is at the same time staggering beneath the attacks of open foes. Like the partisans of John of Giscala and Simon, at Jerusalem, they who ought to defend the citadel seem more inclined to turn their arms against each other, than

against those who are the common enemies of both.

It is the object of this work to gain philosophy, that is, *instruction*, from travel, by studying the economy of other countries, and comparing with it that of our own; and thus am I continually reminded of domestic evils which, in a mere book of voyages, I should not feel justified in treating of. I admire, I love our venerable church, but I think there is a good deal to be reprehended in the conduct of many that affect to maintain the dignity of her institutions. The individual clergy are too apt to forget that the emoluments they enjoy were originally bestowed upon their order to be applied (chiefly at least) in the exercise of charity, and the "*maintenance of hospitality.*"*

* At the time of the suppression of the greater monasteries, the lands taken from the monks, who composed the most liberal, generous, and hospitable order ever known to this country, were given to the nobles, with the direction (and in some of the later instances, on the condition) that they should continue to practise that hospitality which was exercised by

Had a little more affectionate sympathy been manifested, the clergy, as a body, would have been much more likely to have gained the lasting affection and cordial support of the mass of those they were set to instruct, than by aping the follies of the great, and struggling to attain a higher place in society than their incomes or duties allowed.

the former owners. The non-compliance with this direction was the true origin of the poor laws, in the time of Elizabeth, which, though an unavoidable and praiseworthy institution, have been the subject of trouble and regret ever since.

CHAPTER V.

GENERAL REMARKS.

THERE are no public buildings at Christiania worth looking at, nor indeed is there any thing in the town that need detain the traveller many hours. Of course there are no marbles or statues,—and yet it is said by Dr. Clarke that there are at Drontheim statues in the cathedral that would be no disgrace to Grecian sculpture; but as I did not go to Drontheim, I will not say much about them. By the way, the art of sculpture is likely to decline still lower than its present ebb, for as it once derived

its chief value from being the means of perpetuating the image of celebrated men, it will now, that object being superseded, perchance fall into total desuetude. I allude to a remarkable discovery that has been made by Signore Girolomo Segato, a man of extraordinary merit, which has received the customary neglect: he is by birth a Venetian, and has spent many years of his life in travel, particularly in Egypt. Having early imbibed the love of chemistry, he settled in Florence, where he still resides, and devoted his attention to the study of his favourite science. The principal result of his labours has been the discovery of the art of petrifying the human body; and this, not by superadding a mere incrustation, but by transforming the whole substance into clear and almost transparent stone. No natural process could ever effect this, because the body decomposes before the water has time to create the change; but the art of Segato can transform, within a few hours after death, into the imperishable

consistency of marble, that image which so lately breathed with the spirit of life, whose complicated machinery was ever progressing with a gradual change, and whose extraordinary flexibility was capable of every variety of expression and posture. The talismanic touch which thus arrests the progress of decay, and converts the softest and most delicate fabric of creative nature into actual stone, presents one of the most remarkable discoveries of modern science; and perhaps the singularity of the invention will excuse my having here taken notice of it.

One day at Christiania two of the waiters came running up stairs to my room, with the greatest glee sparkling in their faces, and exclaiming, "Two of your countrymen are come! two of your countrymen are come!" for these good, simple, honest people really thought that the English must feel the same national friendship for each other that is entertained by the inhabitants of other countries; but I, knowing the temper of my countrymen better, replied

with unmoved coolness, "Well! what if they be?" to the chagrin and disappointment of my kind informants, who no doubt expected I would fly down stairs, and throw myself into their arms. We met at the *table d'hôte;* the waiters smiled and grinned, and kept their eyes fixed upon us, expecting to behold a most pathetic meeting; but when we sat down to dinner without taking the least notice of each other, their wonder and concern were very greatly excited. The Englishmen were two half-pay lieutenants, travelling—God knows why; but there they were, and had come from Stockholm. As one of the waiters and the landlord's son spoke English, the conversation was chiefly carried on in that language, but not above one remark was exchanged between the newly-arrived travellers and myself during the whole time of dinner; the fault, I conceive, lay with them rather than me. Such behaviour somewhat surprises foreigners, but 'tis only "the way of the English."

As I remain a short time at Christiania, I

will take the opportunity of throwing together a few very brief remarks on the country, &c. which would have been more diffuse had not so much been already written on the subject by late travellers, who take more pleasure in essays on statistics, &c. than myself. Had I professed to give a particular account of the countries I visited I would certainly have attempted to go more into detail;—and there are now so many histories, cyclopædias, family libraries, geographical dictionaries, miscellanies, penny magazines, and penny-halfpenny publications, on all subjects, that I think I might, at the cost of some reading, and tenpence or elevenpence of sterling money, have presented my readers with a minute and authentic account of the manners, habits, dresses, equipages, furniture, literature, language, currency, politics, government, and general organization of the interesting kingdoms of the North. However, as I have a singular objection to compilations of every sort, I preferred giving an account merely of what met my

own eye, and came within my own observation, and must beg to refer the curious after further information to those cyclopædias, miscellanies, and pennyworths of which I have spoken. It is rather remarkable, that going the other day into the cottage of a poor labourer, who reads all these works, and is therefore one of the most learned characters of the present age, and can tell you (either off-hand or on reference) by how much a Surinam toad surpasses a similar reptile of this country, and how many roots there are to a banyan tree, I was accosted by my humble friend in the following strain:—"Well, Sir, I've been reading about them parts as you are come from. They seem to be desperate badly off there. They'n no shoes, and no beds—but then I reckon they would na want beds much, as they dunna seem much giving to sleeping. They mun be a miserable people; its a blessing, Sir, as you ever lived to come back." "Why, Simon," said I, "where did you pick up this story? If you speak of the Norwegians, I

found them a happy and contented people, with houses that keep out the cold, and plenty of wood to make them fires, and food as abundant as they wish, though their indolence generally makes them live much harder than they need. They are ignorant of delicacies, and therefore do not seek them; they have not many luxuries, but certainly they are not without comforts; or when without them, their intolerable idleness only is to blame. I believe they have no penny pamphlets, and therefore are not so learned as you, but they have common sense, kindness, and hospitality—and I really do not know whether they are so much entitled to your pity as your envy." "Well, Sir, I knowna; but see what they say'n here;" thus speaking, Simon, from a shelf that contained several books, three white earthenware plates, and a pewter spoon, took down a marble-bound folio, which I found was entitled "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal," and turning to the date of 15th June, 1833, selected the following paragraph:—

"THE NORWEGIANS.

"Extreme poverty in some parts of Norway causes a paucity of articles that may almost be regarded as necessary to the comforts of life. In some houses the whole stock of utensils are —one large iron pot, an axe, one knife, and half a dozen wooden bowls and spoons. The severity of the climate obliges the people to sleep in their only room that has a fire-place, and in one large bed, like a deal box, into which they all creep; some straw is spread at the bottom, and sheepskins serve for a covering. They seem to have scarcely a fixed hour for sleep, but each gets in by day as he finds himself tired. (!) The swampy lands they labour in prevents the women's bare feet, *or their miserable remnants of shoes and stockings, from ever being clean.* (*!!*) Destitute as they are of *every worldly* comfort, *two or three religious books* are to be found in every house. The hope of the weary and heavy laden in every

clime is not denied to these poor sojourners in the valley of tears!"

When I had made an end of reading this remarkable piece of useful knowledge, I said unto Simon—"Simon, the man that wrote this was not thinking of the Norwegians, but of the *Irish*, to whom this description is rather more applicable.* Now, as to the *beds* or boxes of the Norwegians, the worst fault I found with them, was that they were too short—the inhabitants being rather a diminutive race. Though, no doubt, some of them are accustomed to sleep after the fashion of 'Margery Daw,' (whose history, perhaps, you may have met with in the course of your reading,) still the majority of the people are provided with flock-beds of the softest down, and generally contrive to sleep between two of them. Water-fowl are so plentiful on the coast, that the natives are at no other expense for bedding than the trouble of catching and

* Consult poor Inglis's "Ireland," *passim*.

plucking the birds.* And though sheepskins are frequently used among the mountains, their warmth makes them to be considered a blessing instead of a privation.

"As in some latitudes, and during some portion of the year, there is no *night*, it is highly probable that the inhabitants go to bed during the *day*—and that without thinking it any great hardship. As to the misfortune of possessing no Warren's blacking wherewith to clean 'their miserable remnants of shoes,' that is indeed greatly to be deplored; but they surely have water to enable them to wash 'the women's bare feet,' were ablution considered a luxury,—which it is not, in cold countries. But to make the tale less pitiable, Simon, the women never go with bare feet, preferring the conveniency of

* These are in such numbers, that the rocks are frequently covered with them for an extent of many acres. A sportsman told me, that by lying flat down he sometimes killed or wounded so as to obtain a dozen fowl at a single shot. The game-laws of these countries are principally directed to the sea-fowl; and the only restrictions they impose, are, that the birds shall not be destroyed during the spring and summer months.

wooden shoes, when they cannot get leather ones.

"I cannot but admire, with you, the fine flourish concerning the valley of tears, which concludes this account; but as to the 'two or three religious books in every house'—in the first place, they have not money enough to pay for them, and, did they possess, have not skill enough to read them."

The houses both in Sweden and Norway are almost entirely of wood (except the chimneys) sometimes painted white, more frequently red, but most commonly uncoloured. They are composed of the trunks of trees laid horizontally one above another, barked, and in the interior cut tolerably smooth; the interstices are filled with moss or clay, and the houses are always more comfortable than they appear. As I chose to walk chiefly for the purpose of being better able to acquire a knowledge of the houses and habits of the middle and lower classes, I think I may speak on this subject with more confidence

than those who frequent only the inns and high roads.

I cannot but agree with Dr. Clarke, in opposition to the opinion of Derwent Conway, that, as far as my experience went, the Swedes are a people infinitely more generous, liberal, and hospitable than their neighbours. They are also far more gentle, courteous and polite;—the Norwegians are ruder, gruffer, and blunter in their manners. Living is cheaper in Sweden than in Norway; but they live better in the latter country.

In the large towns, we sometimes find the women to be rather pretty, having fair complexions, and not ungraceful figures; but the peasant girls are invariably ugly, squalid, and miserable in appearance.

In travelling through Norway, one cannot but be struck with the picturesque character of the country churches, which are generally situated in the most romantic spots, and are commonly built of wood, with a red painted roof

and red spire. In the more populous districts they are of brick, whitewashed, but still retain the red roof, and pretty tapering spire. The Swedish churches are more clumsy, having usually an ugly steeple, or none at all; and, in this case, the bell is placed under a wooden covering, a few paces distant from the edifice.

Every one knows that timber is the principal produce of Norway; it is customary to fell the trees, and strip and bark them, during the spring and summer, to be in readiness for the winter season, when they are slided over the snow to the banks of the nearest river, and thus conveyed to the sea. The timber is generally left to float along at random; men being stationed at different places to push again into the stream such portions as may have been stranded. A considerable merchant stated, that some of the timber which he received was about *two years* on its passage; having to come down many rivers into which it can enter only at particular seasons, when the rain, or melted

snow, has swelled the body of their waters. In the winter of 1834-5, there was scarce any snow, and the inhabitants were, consequently, unable to slide the timber to the rivers, which also were too shallow to convey any large body; and thus, during the last year, the shipping trade has sustained very great injury, and innumerable vessels remained many months in port, unable to procure a freight.

In Sweden, it is the custom after meals to bow to each other; but among intimates, and the middle and lower classes, they commonly slap one another on the back, instead of the more formal ceremony. In Norway, the guests on rising from table, shake hands with the lady of the house, and pay her a compliment (if they can)—but very frequently they shake hands with one another all round the table. The custom prevails in these countries (as generally over the continent) of touching your neighbour's glass with your own, when you drink to him. I have been present at large parties of gentlemen

in Germany, when, at a given toast, every one fills his glass, jumps on his legs and runs round the table, touching with his own the glass of every person he meets;—a process that causes much confusion and spilling of wine, some laughter and some curses; and I thought it even a greater bore than the obsolete practice in our own country of drinking healths.

In all the countries of the North, the current coin of the realm is, in appearance, a most unenviable kind of property, for the most part consisting of coarse paper—blue, yellow, and other colours. There is also a good deal of copper money, and some very base silver. The *Danish* money consists of rix dollars, marks, and skillings;—there is also the specie dollar, worth rather more than two of the others, and the *half specie*. The rix dollar is equal to about 2*s*. 4½*d*. English; the mark (containing sixteen skillings) about 5*d*.; and three skillings amount to an English penny.

There is great confusion in the *Swedish*

money, owing to the difference in value of the *rix* and the *banco*. A rix dollar in Sweden is worth about one shilling, English; a dollar-banco, about eighteenpence; and throughout the scale, that money which is called *banco* is worth about a third more than the *rix*.

A Norwegian dollar equals *3s. 8d.* of our money; and a mark, ninepence.

The Danish and Norwegian languages have great resemblance to each other; indeed, I was told that the same grammar is used in the schools of either country. But the Swedish differs considerably from both. The German character is used by all the kingdoms, both in printing and writing; and bears a great resemblance to the old English black letter, which we discarded some centuries ago. The language of each of these countries is very easily acquired in a sufficient degree for the purposes of travel, but is said to be very difficult to those who seek to learn it perfectly and grammatically; for my part, I did not think it worth while to make that

experiment. I have heard the Danes say, that of foreign languages they can acquire the Russian with the most facility. I believe, however, there is not much similarity between them.

There are several booksellers' shops in Copenhagen, that contain some original literature, and translations of Sir Walter Scott's, and other popular English novels. The Danes have also lately established a penny magazine, which will, no doubt, tend to the enlightenment of that benighted, though happy people.

I saw, in Norway, a translation of Lloyd's "Field Sports of the North," in the Norske tongue, and not badly printed; the lithographs also were very creditable. The book was published at Christiania. There are not, however, many authors in these countries at present, though, doubtless, the breed will increase in times which are said to become every day more "surprising." That literature is always most solid and sound, where the competitors for fame are few. This thought so frequently reminds

me of the present state of the *belles lettres* in our own country, that I cannot refrain from devoting a chapter to the consideration of the subject; and those who are not willing to pardon such an aberration must please to " skip and go on."

CHAPTER VI.

LITERATURE AND EDUCATION.

EVERY one is struck with the vast productive powers of nature. There are insects which have a million descendants coexistent with themselves. It is said that an acre of wheat would, were its produce continually sown, in about fourteen years cover the surface of the whole earth. This productiveness is not confined to insects and vegetables: it belongs also to more intellectual things, and authors multiply as fast as either. These may be divided into two classes—*original*

authors, and *authors by education.** The first are men of original minds, and native strength of intellect; who draw from their own internal resources those riches, which, thus poured forth upon the world, become its fresh and unfading ornaments.

Authors by education are they who have not from nature inherited any extraordinary talents, but who, by dint of studying the works of genius, have contrived to endow themselves with some portion of its virtues; as the steel, which rubbed by the magnet, becomes, though in a feebler degree, possessed of its properties.

* I do not deny that I whip myself pretty freely in these remarks; but I seek, without regard to the peculiar position of myself or others, candidly to examine the present tone of literature; and however invidious it may seem in an author to rail at authors, truth in this instance appears to require such a course. It is conceived that the literary character of the present day must be determined by the preponderance of writings of a peculiar style, and by the number of readers, upholders of that style. It is true that works of a superior order, and on higher subjects, also issue from the press, but they are not sufficiently read to counteract the effect of the numerous more unworthy productions.

The most numerous and most remarkable of the genus of authors, known at the present day, are the novelists.

It is by reading Greek and Latin works that men become scholars; and by an assiduous study of novels, men and women acquire the art and the inclination to write them. No more real talent is actually exerted or necessary, than is required by an apothecary, who has served his regular apprenticeship, to make up a common prescription.

The novel writers who preceded Miss Edgeworth and Sir Walter Scott, deserve still less notice than those who have followed and imitated them. Some indeed, Richardson, Fielding, and Miss Burney, produced works that called forth a host of sickly imitators, whose reputation has been proportioned to their merits; and there was one, the inimitable Smollett, who in richness of fancy, beauty of composition, keenness of satire, and sprightliness of wit, is superior even to Sir Walter and Miss Edgeworth. The style

of Smollett, which did not consist of pathetic appeals to the sensibility of the reader, was not to be attempted by common geniuses, who, therefore, wisely confined their ambition to a rivalry with Mrs. Radcliffe, whose capacity they perceived to be less remote from their own. Such morbid productions were too delicate for a longer existence than a few months; and there are men perhaps now living whose reputation as authors lingers only in their own breasts.

Sir Walter Scott gave a new impulse to novel-writing.* A crowd of aspiring rivals soon caught his tone, and proceeded to beat out the rich ore they dug from his volumes into the thin and paltry ornaments with which they hoped to bedeck their own. I call them "rivals," because they do not allow themselves to be imitators;—and perhaps they did not wilfully imitate. These, however, are writers who come under the class

* The name of Scott is known in the deepest recesses of the Dovre Fjeld; and "Ivanhoe" is there thought to be the most wonderful of books.

of " authors by education;" they have been rubbed with the Waverley loadstone, and are possessed of some of its virtue.

Writers beget writers; they increase and multiply like the grain and insects of which I before treated. But must we conclude that the prodigious increase of authors in the present age, argues a superiority of intellect over former times? Certainly not. Some men, of no despicable capacity, have been induced to come forth from obscurity by having a road pointed out to them, which their own imaginations, without such a guide, would never have suggested; but it may be laid down, that the true reason of the increasing number of authors is owing not more to the multitude of readers, and the increased facility of publication, than to the wretchedness of style, and poverty of matter, which distinguish the productions of the present day; and which are undoubtedly the strongest inducements to men of meagre talents to enter the lists, where they are pretty certain to find

some rivals at least as feeble as themselves. It must also be observed, that the more generally diffused, and more equal system of education of late years has afforded every facility to the development of intellectual powers in all classes of society.

In a short time (so many the competitors) it will require the most resplendent talents to make a man notedly conspicuous. A lofty hill, standing alone in a broad plain, attracts the notice, and excites the admiration of the spectator; but were it possible for numerous other hills, not quite so lofty, to start up on every side of it, though still "superior by the head," it would no longer affect us with the same sense of its height, nor fill us with the same conceptions of its grandeur and sublimity. There will, perhaps, be men of as great minds, though they will not receive as much attention, in future times as in past ages; but as great minds can only be formed by sound education, it may be feared whether, in the various plans of instruction that

will be brought forward, solidity of learning will be sufficiently looked to: it is but too probable that, in the haste to acquire knowledge, a crude and shallow smattering will be readily deemed sufficient; tinsel will be seen in the place of more valuable substance; and the insolent self-sufficiency which usually accompanies a *half knowledge* of things, will quickly make it apparent that there is in such a system more of glitter than gold.

One of the most remarkable features of the present age is to be seen in the great number of female writers. As I have before observed, it would be arrogant and unjust to suppose that the mind of woman has acquired a loftier tone, and more exalted powers, than were possessed by the sex in former times: were there no other argument against such a supposition, the writings themselves would be a sufficient contradiction—for they fully establish that most of the female authors of the present day, are authors only by education.

Public writing is, in fact, beyond the province of woman. Naturally intended to move only in a domestic sphere, and best fitted for the modest retirement of private life, she is, in the character of an author, dragged upon the stage of the world to be made the subject of public criticism, and to be gazed at by every eye, like a public actress. The sensitive delicacy of a refined woman must, one would think, be shocked by so rude a scrutiny, which has the power of drawing aside her veil only to stare in her face.

It is so easy, and requires so little imagination or talent, to write of occurrences that take place under one's own eye, that almost all the novelists of the present day confine themselves to such topics. And I must confess that this observation applies equally to travellers, for nothing demands so little skill or talent as a narrative of events that have happened to one's self.

The comparative equality of education in the present age; the excitement of great events,—whether political, or consisting of extraordinary

displays of individual genius, which awoke dormant energies that would not otherwise have been called forth, and which never afterwards slumbered;—these, and perhaps other causes, increased the number of authors, who, in order to gain a reputation, find it necessary to forestall one another in their writings, and imagine that a multitude of publications confer an importance, and contain a value, which they do not individually bestow or possess.

As the increased number of authors originates, in a great measure, in the more equalized system of education, it becomes the modern philanthropist, who so eagerly advocates the spreading of knowledge, in an especial degree, to watch over the mode in which instruction is conveyed, and the matter which is meant to be infused. And, first, let it be made a principal endeavour to inspire the breast of youth with lofty and generous principles.*

* I need not say that a religious education is the first object to be attended to. It is said to have been an observation of

At present, they are expected to come to him without being attracted. It was the chief aim of the ancient schools of heathen philosophy to expand and elevate the mind; to impress men with a sense of their own importance in the scale of animated beings; and to infuse a dignity of thought that was the sure parent of illustrious actions.

The lofty contemplations which were the subjects of study, inspired a grandeur of tone that, whilst we envy, we ought also to emulate; and fanned into a broad and steady flame that spark of virtue which is lurking in every breast. By this means have arisen those beacons of intellectual brightness whose beam, piercing through a long vista of dark ages, still continues to direct and enlighten mankind. Such are Socrates, Aristides, Epaminondas; such Seneca, Cato the Younger, and Scipio Africanus.

Napoleon, that a man's conduct in life depends entirely on his mother—that is, on his first teacher. His religious character is almost always determined by her.

86200

In our day, however, it is seldom attempted to direct the mind of the young to contemplation or reflection. The reason why princes are almost invariably fools, is because, being always in the hands of attendants or courtiers, they have no opportunity for thought.

Look around! survey the character of our country in the greatness of its inhabitants, collectively or individually. How do we estimate men?—solely by the measure of their knowledge of the past and the present. Who hath culled most from the stores of others, him we pronounce greatest; although his fellow-creatures have received no benefit from his labours, nor hath his own mind been expanded, his heart improved, nor his benevolence warmed.

All our ideas (being conveyed through the senses) owe their existence primarily to sensation, but are extended, improved, and defined by reflection. Without this aid they are little better than aerial nothings,—a sort of *floating Poa*, drifting about on the surface of the mind,

without having any root in the understanding. Were our youth instructed to emulate the *actions* of virtuous men; were learning so judiciously inculcated as to improve the heart, and enlarge the mind, and not only to strengthen the head and encumber the memory; the world might again contain a Socrates, an Aristides, or an Epaminondas.*

Such were the objects of ancient education;

* "Let my governor remember to what end his instructions are principally directed, and that he do not so much imprint in his pupil's memory the date of the ruin of Carthage as the manners of Hannibal and Scipio; nor so much *where* Marcellus died, as why it was unworthy of his duty that he died there. That he do not teach him so much the narrative part as the business of history." . . . "With one of the ancients, compare one of our College *Latinists*, after fifteen or sixteen years' study, who has thrown away so much time in nothing but learning to speak. The world is nothing but babble; and I hardly ever yet saw that man who did not rather prate too much than speak too little; and yet half of our age is embezzled this way. We are kept four or five years to learn words only, and to tack them together into clauses; as many more to make exercises; and to divide a continued discourse into so many parts; and other five years, at least, to learn succinctly to mix and interweave them after a subtle and intricate manner."—MONTAIGNE, *Essay on Education.*

and they are thus expressed in the concise language of an elegant historian:—"In the schools of philosophy anciently were taught the great maxims of true policy; the rules of every kind of duty; the motives for a true discharge of them; what we owe to our country; the right use of authority; wherein true courage consists; in a word, the qualities that form the good citizen, statesman, and great captain." Surely this is the true end of education.

Learning is but idle, is but worse than useless, if it fail to ennoble the soul, to cherish, and cultivate, and bring to maturity the secret and glorious treasures of the heart. To go on laying up store on store, and learning upon learning, even to the end of life, without having any better aim than to satisfy an insatiable craving, presents but a melancholy picture of the prostitution of capacity, and the misapplication of mental endowments. Our pity cannot be more excited than by the contemplation of a Bolingbroke or Chesterfield tottering to the

tomb, and yet, with unabated ardour, thirsting after the acquirement of knowledge, which is soon to be rendered useless by the hand of the Destroyer, and to be consigned, with themselves, to the forgetfulness of the grave. Some portion of intellectual greatness may be permitted to survive their material part; some portion glowing with the unextinguishable spark of genius, but which serves only to perpetuate and vivify the dark deformity within which it is encased.

In concluding these remarks, I would bid those who cast their offerings before the world, to remember, that it is their duty to instruct as well as amuse. I would remind them, that the numerous trifling publications and imaginative works of the day, have unnerved the public mind for more serious studies, and, therefore, that its tone will henceforth undoubtedly be regulated by those publications alone. It becomes, then, every author to remember that his writings will be the vehicles of good or evil.

Let him endeavour to improve men as well as to please them;—let him recollect, in the words of the virtuous Johnson, that "there are thousands of readers willing to be thought wicked, if they may be allowed to be wits; and therefore *it is the duty of an author steadily to inculcate that virtue is the highest proof of understanding, and the only solid basis of greatness; and that vice is the natural consequence of narrow thoughts; that it begins in mistake, and ends in ignominy.*"*

* It would be well if an author never forgot the advice of Horace:—

"Non, te ut miretur turba, labores;
Contentus paucis lectoribus. An tua demens
Vilibus in ludis dictari carmina malis?"

CHAPTER VII.

THE MOUNTAINS.

When I left Christiania, I walked in a northerly direction towards the lake Tyrie. On the second day, soon after leaving Jonsrud, the road began to ascend, and continued mounting higher and higher for many miles, passing through an immense forest of pines and firs. It is, however, a good road; and indeed the high roads generally throughout Norway and Sweden are surprisingly good. After toiling upwards for several hours, I came suddenly to the descent. This is effected through

a most singular and magnificent pass, which is situated at the extreme verge of a long line of mountains that form part of the district called the Ringarcedt. After climbing, as I have mentioned, to the summit of this boundary, the ground appears to have sunk, as it were, from the top to the bottom, so as to form a narrow chasm or pass, which affords a very steep descent of nearly half a mile, between precipitous mountains of craggy rock, whose narrow ledges yield scanty space for the graceful pines which ornament the sides, and stretch across the pass.

The stern, gloomy crags approach each other so closely, that there is barely room for the narrow road and the torrent which foams, and chafes, and leaps beside it. Downward we go, diving apparently into some gloomy abyss, until we perceive, lying far below, the head of Lake Tyrie, with its innumerable islands and little fishing boats, like specks on the water; and beyond the lake, a distant barrier of black

mountains, overtopped by others, still farther clad with eternal snow.

About ten English miles north of this pass is a town called Höneufossen (pronounced Hunafoss), where is a considerable waterfall, which, however, is almost concealed by the saw-mills and other buildings erected about it. Here is a tolerable inn, kept by a man named Gladvich, who manages to speak English. The river Ranas flows into another river close to the house, and these streams afford excellent fishing; the landlord ordered out his boat, and we succeeded in taking some very fine trout.

I now got among the Ranas Fjeld (pronounced *feld*) mountains, which run far in a northerly direction. The loftiest of the mountains of Norway is Sneehattan,* but it does not exceed 8000 feet in height, and is therefore far excelled by many of those of Switzerland.

* As, in the German language, the letter *n* is seldom sounded at the end of a word. The word *fjeld* signifies *mountain*.

The mountains of Norway are, for the most part, huge, bare black rocks, frowning in gloomy sterility, or clad, midway, with a thick covering of pine trees, and capped with the snow of five thousand winters. But still they are blunt, heavy masses, wanting that wonderful variety of form, those thousand crags, and precipices, and pinnacles—chasms, abysses, lakes, and stupendous overhanging cliffs, which give grandeur, sublimity, and enchantment to the scenery of Switzerland.

He that goes in search only of magnificent scenery had better confine himself to Switzerland, for there are no Norwegian mountains that may compare with those of that interesting country. There is no Jungfrau or Wetterhorn, there is no lake like that of Thun or of Lucerne. Where in the world shall we find so appallingly glorious a spot as the Mer de Glace, on the side of Mont Blanc? The loftiest precipices of rock compose the sides of that tremendous valley; looking up it, along the sea of ice, where a

distance of many leagues appears to be only half a dozen miles, the vision is bounded by huge mountains of snow. Close before the spectator, on the opposite side of the valley, rise high into the heavens three tapering rocks, called the Needles of Mont Blanc, which are of the most singular character. It is impossible to convey by words the faintest idea of this wonderful scene; but if the reader will excuse the impertinency of the introduction here, I will transcribe a kind of jingling attempt at description, which, if he be in a good humour, he may dignify with the title of poetry.

THE NEEDLES OF MONT BLANC.*

The Needles of Mont Blanc! the Needles of Mont Blanc!
He hath not seen magnificence
Who ne'er stood still and looked upon
The Needles of Mont Blanc.

Those dark and lonely pyramids
Far loftier they rank—
For what of human art shall rival
The Needles of Mont Blanc?

* These immense masses of pointed rock, which stand at one side of the Mer de Glace, are said to be more than 8000 feet above the sea.

The clouds lie lightly on their breast;
Their foot is on a crystal sea; *
Their naked summits full ten thousand storms
Have dashed aside unheedingly.

In the silence of their solitude—
Unbroken save when thunders roll—
In the gloomy rocks around, there is an influence
Like a spell upon the soul.

The Needles of Mont Blanc! how haughtily they raise
Their lofty brows into the sky!
Their towering forms majestical
Have beauty and sublimity.

The stoutest heart would surely tremble
Whilst musing here in lonely hour,
Where solemn grandeur, high and awfully,
Extends her magic power.

Wouldst thou behold a mightier scene?—
With *this* what other scene may rank?—
The world hath nought to place beside
The Needles of Mont Blanc.

I have ventured to contrast here the scenery of Norway and Switzerland, because I think that of the former country has been greatly exaggerated by travellers, who have certainly made the most of what they beheld. However, I only record my own opinion.

* The Mer de Glace.

In the neighbourhood of the Ranas Fjord, a very extensive lake, the bears committed great ravages last spring (1835), having destroyed nearly all the horses in that district. The inhabitants therefore determined to get up a grand bear hunt, at which seven thousand people were to have been present, but owing to some misarrangement it never took effect.

On these occasions the hunters form what is called in Sweden a *skaal*, and in Norway a *maudgar* (or "fence of men"), extending themselves over a tract of many miles; and closing gradually, thus drive every beast before them to the borders of some extensive lake, where they are slaughtered in heaps; the hares, wolves, goubes (lynxes), foxes, &c. being despatched with cudgels, or trampled under foot, whilst the sturdy bear is shot with the rifle. Of course this kind of hunt is generally a scene of much confusion, unless conducted by experienced generals, and even then is attended with frequent accidents. Indeed I could recount a melan-

choly and fatal instance of the danger of this exercise, in which an Englishman was a principal actor, but forbear to do so.

There is another more approved mode of hunting the bear, that affords infinitely greater excitement and pleasure. The hunter sets forth alone, attended by a brace of cock-tailed, sharp-nosed, long-haired, tawny-coloured dogs, not much bigger than terriers, with which he boldly enters the shadiest forest. He carries with him some provisions and a flask of brandy, and ought to wear a small compass suspended from his neck; and thus he may proceed with fearless confidence and buoyant spirits. His dogs draw the covers on either side; and when they have chanced on the lurking-place of a bear, set up a continued yelping, that informs the sportsman of their success. The bear commonly makes off at a slashing gallop, but the nimble dogs are soon at her heels, which they annoy to the utmost of their capacities, barking all the time in the excess of delight and exultation. The

bear, not liking this proceeding, soon makes a stop, and endeavours to seize one of her pursuers; but they are too active for her intentions, and hurry round and round her, the hair bristling on their backs, and their tails cocked still more stiffly, and frequently tumbling over each other in their haste to get beyond the reach of the paws of their formidable enemy. Finding she cannot succeed in catching them, the bear sits down on her haunches, and facing about, fights with her paws, continually presenting her front to the foe. She is detained in this position till the hunter comes up, and has time to take aim with his fatal rifle. If he fail to kill or disable her, he must look to himself, for she generally makes directly towards him, and he must contrive to reload as he runs; but in this emergency he is never deserted by his faithful dogs, which continue to annoy the heels of the bear, and greatly impede her pursuit.

I may mention an instance of the sagacity of this animal, which was told me by the person to

whom the anecdote relates. A man set off one morning to shoot the Tjäder, or Tjor (cock of the woods)—which is effected in this wise:—The bird is so extremely shy that he may rarely be met with except in the pairing season, when he every morning renews his song to the lady of his love. He usually commences just before sunrise, beginning in a loud strain, which gradually sinks into a low key, until he is quite entranced with his own melody; he then droops his wings to the earth, and runs to the distance of several feet, calling "cluck! cluck! cluck!" —during which time he is said to be incapable of seeing (so wrapt up is he in his own contemplations), and may be caught even with the hand —by those that are *near enough.* As the fit lasts only a few moments, the sportsman must, if unready, wait for the next occasion, for should he advance a step except when the bird is thus insensible, he will certainly be overheard, and the victim escape.

Well! the man I began to speak of, being

early one morning in pursuit of this bird, heard his song at a short distance; and as soon as the *clucking* commenced, of course advanced as rapidly as he could, and then remained motionless till these particular notes again sounded. It was quite dusk, the sun not having yet risen; but the song seemed to come from the centre of an open space in the forest, from which the sportsman was just emerging. He could not see many yards before him, and only followed the direction of the sound. It so happened that from another point, but at no great distance, a bear was advancing on the tjäder, just in the manner of, and with the same steps, as the man. The hunter, whilst standing motionless, thought he perceived a dark object to one side of him, but it did not much engage his attention, and at the usual note he moved on towards the game; but was surprised to see that the black object had also advanced in an equal degree, and now stood on a line with him. Still he was so eager after the bird that he could think of

nothing else, and approached close to his prey before he perceived that a large bear stood within a few feet of him; and, in fact, just as they were both about to spring on the bird, they caught sight of each other, and each thought proper to slink back. After having retreated a short distance, the man began to think it would be rather inglorious to yield the prize without a struggle; and there being now a good deal more light, he returned to the spot, when it appeared that the bear had also taken the same resolution, and was actually advancing over the open space I have mentioned, growling, and tearing up the moss with her feet—which, they say, she does when she is in an ill-humour, and wants to work herself into a passion. Though the man had only shot in his gun, he fired without hesitation, and immediately took to his heels and fled, conceiving the bear to be close in his rear, and ventured not to pause till he had gained his own habitation. Having armed himself anew, and taken a companion with him, he

again repaired to the spot, where he found the bear lying dead on the ground, some of the shots having entered her heart.

If this anecdote be true (which I believe it to be), it exhibits a remarkable instance of sagacity, that the bear should advance on the tjäder exactly in the method of a human hunter.

The bear is rather a formidable enemy, but no one cares a straw for the wolf, which is here very timid and cowardly, and always takes to its heels at sight of a man; indeed the peasants think a little child quite sufficient guard for their cattle, which are sent to graze on the mountain sides or in the valleys—the wolf seldom venturing to attack them when so watched; but I heard in the neighbourhood of Laurvig, quite in the south, that the child of a pilot, whilst playing carelessly on the high road, had lately been snapped up by a wolf within sight of its parents' cottage. The father and some of the neighbours immediately pursued, but succeeded in recovering only a fragment of the clothes of

the poor little infant. Such instances are, however, extremely rare, and the wolf must have been severely pressed by hunger.

The wolf always flees from the face of man; but the bear slowly pursues her course, growling and showing her teeth. If, however, she be not very hungry, she will rarely attack; and a man may walk quietly aside without danger of being pursued. Every one knows that a bear is a very awkward customer at a close skirmish. Two men happened to come unexpectedly on one of these animals, but having guns in their hands, they rather rejoiced at the occurrence. The first immediately fired, and missed; his friend then took aim with better success, and having severely wounded the bear, rushed in upon her, intending to despatch her with the butt end of his piece; but the bear fenced and warded off the blows so dexterously with her paws, that at length she wrenched the gun from the hands of her enemy, who saved himself only by springing to one side, and rolling down a

steep bank. The bear passed on to the next man, who not having succeeded in reloading his piece, was fain to betake himself to flight, and would, most probably, have met with an unpleasant end, had not the poor bear been too sorely wounded to pursue with her usual vigour. She was at last despatched with the assistance of other champions—and her paws being cooked, were pronounced very delicate by connoisseurs. Except the paws, the flesh of a bear is no greater luxury than the flesh of an old bull.

It is in the district of the Ringareedt that the following anecdotes are told of Charles the Twelfth, who, in the year 1716, invaded Norway, and penetrated to Christiania. He certainly did not go much farther, and probably Ringareedt was the extent of his advances. Although that part of the country is familiar to me, I did not myself gather the anecdotes I am about to relate, which were collected by Mr. Coleman,* who learnt them on the spot.

* See the Preface to this Work.

When Charles had fixed his temporary head-quarters in this district, some of his officers took up their abode at the house of a neighbouring priest, to whom they behaved very unhandsomely, —robbing him without hesitation of whatever pleased their fancy. One day, at dinner, he observed each of his unbidden guests to pocket the spoon he had just been making use of; without appearing to notice the theft, the priest continued to offer as many attentions, to those who deserved so few, as the smallness of his means would allow. In a day or two afterwards he was invited to dine with the king; and when the meal was well-nigh finished he took up his spoon, carefully wiped it, and deposited it in his pocket. The king laughed at this action, and desired to know the meaning of his conduct. "Sire," replied the priest, "I understood such to be the custom of Sweden; I learnt it from your officers, who never fail to observe it at my table." Whether Charles was honest enough to cause his officers to make restitution, after

this rebuke, is more than I can tell. He was, however, a stern disciplinarian, and his policy sometimes enforced what his generosity had failed to suggest.

The same monarch, when lodging with another priest, complained, that whenever he descended the narrow stairs, he was greatly incommoded by the long spurs which were attached to his jack-boots: he was answered, that "the stairs were not made for a king, but as his fortunes showed that he could adapt himself to all circumstances, he ought to go down backwards whenever he wished to descend."

Charles being greatly distressed for provisions, and threatened by a Danish fleet and army, which were fast approaching to oppose him, determined to return to his own kingdom without having accomplished any thing of importance. He had advanced far into his enemy's country, without having subjugated any part of it. One day, hungry and fatigued, he entered with his attendants the cottage of a poor peasant, and

requested the good-wife to furnish him with a little refreshment. She had nothing to offer, but some oatmeal porridge, which was then being boiled on the fire; this she poured into a bowl for the accommodation of her guest, who instantly dipping in his spoon, fell lustily to work, but unfortunately, owing to his impatience and precipitation, scalded his mouth to a very painful degree. "A just punishment!" cried the king; "had I begun cautiously with the borders, I should not have encountered this rebuff."

On leaving Hönafossen, I proceeded up the eastern bank of the Ranas Fjord, a lake of very great extent, but trifling beauty. After passing its northern extremity, I bent my steps toward the West, and presently arrived at the upper portion of Mojson Fjord.* I was now making my way towards the Dovre fjeld, and anticipated

* Fjord signifies properly an arm of the sea, that runs so far inland as to assume the appearance of a lake; but the term is also applied, as in the instances above, to large sheets of water that have no connexion with the sea.

with pleasure the moment when I should first gain a view of Sneehättau.

I continued to plod along for several days, not a little disappointed in the scenery, which presented only a series of mountains covered to the very summit with pine trees, through which occasionally might be seen, half-buried beneath the foliage, the white line of a waterfall, dribbling its meagre stream down the dark and narrow channel. One evening, I reached a little village called Vüg, situated on the banks of the Laügen, and in the midst of an amphitheatre of mountains, which were here of a bolder character, and overtopped by others, more distant, capped with eternal snow. Near to the village, and close beside the river, I found a rude wooden cross,—or rather a post with a triangular piece of wood fixed upon it,—which bore an epitaph or inscription to the memory of Colonel Sinclair. The story of this unfortunate gentleman is already well known; but perhaps I may as well here briefly repeat it. He lived and perished

in the early part of the seventeenth century, and was engaged by that renowned hero, Gustavus Adolphus, to conduct to his standard a body of twelve hundred Scots, with whom, in consequence, he landed on the western coast of Norway, and endeavoured to lead across the country to Sweden. He had penetrated thus far, to the village of Vüg, in the southern part of the Dovre fjeld, when he was attacked by a body of peasants, who, posting themselves on the sides of a narrow pass, through which his party was defiling, entirely overwhelmed them with immense stones and trunks of trees, which they hurled down from above. There is a tradition among the people of this region, that Colonel Sinclair was accompanied by his wife and child; and I have ventured to weave the interesting fate of the former into the following tale:—

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PASS OF KRINGELLEN.

(*A Traditionary Tale.*)

Oloff Svensen and his family were seated one evening around the bright wood fire of his commodious cottage in the vicinity of Vüg. His wife was busily attending to the comforts of a sick lamb, which lay upon the hearth breathing heavily; his two ruddy sons, lads of twelve and fourteen, were engaged discussing their usual meal of milk and bread, and his daughter, the interesting Rona, whilst busied with her spinning

wheel, frequently turned her restless glance towards the door of the cottage. Oloff himself was repairing the lock of his heavy gun. Things had not remained long in this state, when the door opened, and a young man in the dress of a wealthy peasant hastily entered the room. Oloff rose to greet him. "What news, Halvor?" he asked. The young man seated himself beside Rona, and then made answer,—"Great news, Oloff. I have seen the men of Lom and Lessoe. The scouts have returned. The daring invaders are already close at hand; most probably they will spend the night in Vüg, turning the poor inhabitants into the open air, and taking themselves possession of their beds and food. 'Tis well if they do no worse—it is said that in many places, they have slaughtered or driven off the cattle of the peasants, slain the owners, and wronged their wives and daughters." "By the soul of my grandfather!" interrupted the old cottager, "they shall rue it. How many of the dogs be there?" "It is said that they number

many thousands,"* continued Halvof, "but to day is their last of triumph. To-morrow is ours —a day of retribution and justice. The men of Lom and of Lessoe, and others who are already on their march, will await them in the pass of Kringellen. Then shall the hand of the avenger be red with the blood of these Gaels."

The night set in with a storm; the rain poured down incessantly; and the wind seemed striving to tear the roof from off the cottage. The party I have just enumerated had finished their frugal supper, when the door of the cottage was suddenly flung open, and an officer and several soldiers advanced toward the fire-place. On their entrance the inmates sprang to their feet, and Oloff's gun was instantly at his shoulder, but Halvor laid his hand upon it and whispered him to be still—the hour not being yet arrived. The demeanour of the officer was friendly as he

* The Scots were, at most, twelve hundred in number; but the peasants of the present day declare that they exceeded six thousand, who were all put to death by five hundred Norwegian heroes!

addressed himself to the elder peasant: "We seek to do you no injury, my friend," he said, "we would request of you only the shelter of your roof, and a morsel of food. We are weary; we have walked far to-day, and are also drenched to the skin." Oloff muttered a few words in reply, but whether they expressed a threat or a welcome, might not be ascertained. Halvor said nothing, but retiring to one side, with a stern countenance, made way for the uninvited guests to approach the fire. The officer was a man of gallant appearance, upwards of six feet in height, apparently of the middle age, though his hair was already well sprinkled with grey; his noble countenance, which bore the stamp of a gentleman, betokened dignity and self-command, and his keen eye glanced round the circle, seeming, during that rapid survey, to gain an insight into the heart of each. The door was again opened, and a second party entered; it consisted of two women, a child, and several soldiers and servants armed with swords and

long dirks. One of the women advanced before the rest towards the officer; she was wrapped in a Scottish Lowland plaid, and wore boots made of the hide of the deer; on her head she had the blue bonnet of her country, which exhibited a heron's feather, and was now secured by a handkerchief that passed under her chin. Her long dark hair, uncurled, hung down either side of her face, dripping with moisture, and indeed all her garments seemed to be thoroughly saturated. Her age might have been eight and twenty, or thirty, but her features, though regular and beautiful, bore marks of great fatigue and hardship, which made her appear older perhaps than she really was. Her eye, untamed by difficulties, and unsubdued by toil, expressed great resolution, and dauntless courage; but as she approached her husband, it softened into the most beautiful expression of tender and anxious affection. He met her with an embrace; "My poor Margaret," he said, "my heart bleeds with anguish to see you in this miserable condition.

"Would to God I had forced you to remain at home, though it were in a dungeon, rather than ever have suffered you to accompany us in this toilsome expedition!" "Cease to upbraid me, Henry," answered his wife, "it was my own deliberate act, and I do not repent it. I am now a little tired, but fatigue will not last for ever; and probably in a few days we shall join the army of Gustavus. If not—what matter? I am happy—I am with *you*. But look at our little Flora; does not she bear the journey well?" Flora was scarcely two years old, and was carried in the arms of a faithful domestic; the poor little thing seemed almost drowned, but bore up stoutly, and shed no tears, though it looked piteously on its soaked garments, and stretched out its frail little arms towards its mother. Rona, the pretty peasant girl, was touched with compassion at beholding the unfortunate plight of the lady and her child, and with ready kindness showed them into another room, assisted their attendant, a young Scottish country

girl, to relieve them of their wet clothes, and provided them with others from her own scanty wardrobe.

Between the frank and kind-hearted, sentiments of sympathy and regard are soon awakened. The lady was pleased with the zealous attentions and active hospitality of the young Norwegian maid; whilst she was equally charmed with the sweet tones and graceful manners—such as the rustic Rona had never before witnessed—of her fascinating guest.

When the tiring was completed, they returned to the principal apartment, where they found Colonel Sinclair endeavouring to dry himself before the fire, and at the same time urging his hostess to expedite the reappearance of supper; this Rona immediately undertook, and the party congratulated themselves on the prospect of spending a tolerably comfortable night.

Margaret Sinclair was a woman of extraordinary energy of character, and possessed of a magnanimity that is but rarely displayed, but

which elevates even woman nigh to the level of superior beings. She had married a soldier of fortune, considerably older than herself, but whose high and honourable bearing, unsullied as the purity of her own lofty soul, had won her entire esteem and most devoted love. After they were affianced, Colonel Sinclair, whose chief estate lay in his sword, long refrained from fixing the time of marriage, in the hope that his improved circumstances would one day place him nigher on a level with her to whom he hoped to be united. But that day was long in coming, and Margaret, piqued by his reserve, or perhaps with the wish to ascertain truly the state of his affections, altered her conduct towards him, treated him with evident slight, and bestowed some smiles on the laird of Allanblair, who had long loved her with an entire devotion. The colonel was driven to despair, and thinking that he had for ever lost the heart of his mistress, resolved to quit his country, and leave the field perfectly open to his happier rival. Filled with these

thoughts, he called upon that person one day, and thus addressed him:—"Allanblair! you know that Margaret L—— is dearer to me than life, and that we have long been affianced to each other—dear as she is to me, her happiness is still dearer, and to promote that, I will freely sacrifice my own. Hear me to an end—she loves not me, and the contract between us is dissolved. Her lips shall never utter what her heart refuses to sanction; and though the high sentiments of honour which ever direct her, would keep her true to her engagements—she is free. To-morrow I set forth for the Low Countries, and will beat down those ambitious thoughts which have made me soar too loftily. Farewell! we may not be friends, but I shall never be the foe of him who bears the love of Margaret L——. I pray you, give her this letter—I will see her no more." His rival, who guessed more truly the feelings of their mistress, generously strove to combat his resolve, but finding him obstinate, succeeded only in obtaining

a promise to meet him again at the end of twenty-four hours. In the interim, the young laird presented himself before Margaret; with infinite generosity acquainted her with all that had taken place; and concluded by offering the letter which had been entrusted to his care. The tears fell plentifully from the eyes of Margaret as she perused it; she was struck with the magnanimous conduct of Allanblair, and fearful of giving additional pangs to the anguish she knew he must feel, she hesitated a few moments before she returned an answer. It was in these words—"My noble friend—for friend, indeed you are, and I look upon you with the sincere feelings of a sister—if Henry Sinclair and I are to be as nothing to each other, I must unequivocally declare that none else can ever be to me more than friend. Forgive me, I cannot speak more at present. Farewell!" —To cut short the story, in a week she was united to the man of her heart; and the laird of Allanblair took the place of the

latter in his intended expedition to the Low Countries.

Margaret Sinclair was formed to cheer or to soothe,—to rouse with her ardour, to calm with her wisdom. Her discrimination was as just as her notions of duty were high; and few, among mortal and fallible beings, were so seldom betrayed into error. Wherever she was known she was beloved, admired, and reverenced.

When her husband entered into the service of Gustavus Adolphus, and agreed to join the standard of that warrior with as many men as he could engage to accompany him,—no arguments might persuade Margaret to remain behind. "I am the wife of a soldier," she said, "and a soldier's fortune shall be mine. Will the difficulties or the dangers of passing through Norway be increased by my presence? If not, why do you suppose I shall be unable to bear that which you voluntarily seek? Our fortunes are one—what greater evil can befal us than to live

asunder, or to live alone? If we die together, we lose, or we endure, but little; but singly—oh! which would be the survivor? Death may overpower you, but he shall not make me his captive to grace his triumph. Henry! I will not mourn you."

Margaret and her servant were each provided with a little rough pony, which carried them some distance; but one of these animals had the misfortune to sprain its shoulder whilst travelling through a rocky and slippery pass; and the other, not long afterwards, also fell lame. It became necessary, therefore, to abandon them both, and being able to procure no others in their stead, they were, during several days, under the necessity of walking in the rear of the little army, where they endured every hardship, privation, and fatigue that may be supposed to be attendant on a laborious march through a rugged and barren country.

Most of the Scots bivouacked in the open air, in the vicinity of the cottage of Oloff, whilst

a few, more fortunate, obtained a night's shelter in the neighbouring dwellings.

During the evening, the Scottish lady asked many questions of Rona Svensen, in a language half Gaelic and half Norwegian, concerning her mode of life, and future prospects, and seemed to take a lively interest in her fortunes; whilst Colonel Sinclair, at the same time, interrogated their host and Halvor as to the state of the roads, the disposition of the peasantry, and the distances between the several towns included in his intended route. There was so much of military frankness in his manner, and of that fearless confidence which noble spirits disclose in their intercourse with one another, that Halvor could not refrain from entertaining the deepest sentiments of respect; and, at the same time, was not a little affected to think, that within a few hours, he should himself be instrumental in depriving of life one whom, as an individual, he would rejoice to preserve. He felt certain that the enormities which were said

to have attended the route of the Scots, must have been committed without the knowledge of their commander, and that his life, therefore, at any rate, ought not to be sacrificed to a blind spirit of revenge.

As the party separated for the night, Rona whispered her commands to Halvor, that he should meet her at a certain spot at a very early hour in the morning.

The short night passed quickly over, and before the sun had quite appeared above the horizon, Halvor arrived at the place appointed; nor was he long alone—for very soon afterwards the dark figure of a woman might be seen stealing in the same direction. "Halvor!" said Rona, as the youth hastened to her side, "I am glad to find you here, for I would speak with you on a matter of life and death.—O! Halvor, if you really love me as you have often said, save the life of this noble and beautiful lady! Dear Halvor, in you I trust;—you *must* aid me, and save her." "My dearest Rona,"

returned her companion, "God knows how gladly I would do what you ask, even if *you* had not made the request. But, consistently with honour, how can I? It is impossible that either of us should betray our knowledge of the intended attack, and without doing so, it is impossible that they should escape it. I pity the lady; and the leader is a fine noble fellow, whom I would gladly save from his fate; but, alas, Rona! I have only the will without the power." Rona remained some time musing. Honour, and that passionate attachment to her country, which seems to be felt most warmly by the inhabitants of mountainous regions, forbade her to disclose the fact of the intended ambuscade, and she knew not how else to effect her benevolent design. At length it was arranged that Halvor should accompany the Scots into the pass, attach himself to the side of Margaret Sinclair, and, at the moment of attack, endeavour to withdraw her from the conflict, and convey her back in safety to Oloff's cottage.

This plan was undoubtedly fraught with much danger to Halvor; but the generous Rona was willing to risk the life of her lover, and he was equally ready to encounter the hazard, whilst engaged in the cause of humanity. And now they both returned to the cottage, where preparations were already being made for breakfast and departure.

"Farewell! my sweet maiden," said the Scottish lady, when the advanced guard had moved some distance onward, and the main body was now also in motion, "I shall often think of you when far away; and trust that in this peaceful solitude you enjoy a happiness which is but rarely known to camps or cities." The new friends embraced, and Rona could not refrain from shedding tears. "Halvor," she said, "will see you safely through the pass,"—and then they parted.

In vain did Margaret Sinclair inform the young Norwegian who accompanied her, that she would no longer detain him, as she was

close in the rear of her friends, and was attended by her woman, and Ronald Dane, who carried the little Flora, and had therefore no need of his services; he replied only, that "Rona had commanded;" and continued to walk by her side in profound silence.

The march of the Scots was along the banks of the river Laugen, through a vast amphitheatre of mountains, the escape from which was through a long and narrow defile or pass, at whose mouth the advanced guard was already arrived.

Colonel Sinclair kept his men in good order, but having no suspicion of the intended treachery, they entered with confidence the fatal ravine.

It was a beautiful morning: the snow on the mountains sparkled in the sun—the rapid stream, throwing off the shadow which for a time had obscured its depths, again looked joyous and transparent—and the fresh and bracing air brought cheerfulness to every spirit. Many a witty jest was spoken by the careless soldier; many a gay laugh rose from amid the moving

mass. Who among them all gave one thought to death? Who for a moment dreamt that his earthly career was now brought to its close?

How often are we made aware of the appalling truth, by beholding our dearest friends the victims, that "in the midst of life we are in death!" And yet how difficult is it to convince the heart that it must likewise die! Our present existence has so entirely absorbed our thoughts and faculties, that unless in some degree prepared by the gradual sinking of nature, we can scarcely assure ourselves that we are about to undergo a change. It is a fearful thought, to imagine a man wandering at will amid the inspiriting varieties of nature, his heart expanding with joyous emotions, and the few transporting pleasures of present existence at that moment sweeping in full volume over his soul. But behold! whilst he thus gaily moves along, full of life, and vivacity, and vigour, the canopy of clouds is for an instant put aside; the terrible arm of the destroyer is stretched forth; glitters

in the sky the resistless and far-piercing sword.—O! spare, spare!—grant him one moment's warning!—but no—he is struck. Where now is his gaiety, his youthfulness, his beauty? his high-soaring, his rejoicing spirit? . . . His beautiful structure is now loathsome clay—his kindling animation was quenched in a moment; his unfettered thoughts were arrested in their loftiest flight; and his immortal soul, interrupted in the midst of its joyous contemplations, was hurled in an instant from earth to eternity, to await in fearful expectation the judgment of the most Just!

Scarcely, perchance, prepared to die—for all unthoughtful of death—the Scottish soldiers entered the fatal pass. The air was still—no wind shook the heavens, bidding the wild clouds career through the pathless void; no lightning flashed, no thunder rolled over head, to warn mankind that Death rode nigh. Who would have guessed that so many souls were just about to quit for ever this mortal scene?

Who would have believed that so short a step would transport us from life to immortality?—How sudden the transition! How terrible the change!

The vanguard of the Scots, wedged together in the narrow defile betwixt the river and the precipitous rocks, marched along careless and joyous; some laughed, some blasphemed at the ruggedness of the path, and some told adventurous stories to comrades who applauded without believing. Onward they went, a goodly group of breathing men, full of spirit, and vigour, and life . . . Hark! a crash! a roar—a whirlwind of stones and rocks, and huge trunks of trees—and high above all other sounds, the savage yell of man, thirsting for the blood of his brother!

Where now are these free and noble spirits, these fair and goodly forms? Some have been swept into the torrent, some lie crushed, like kindred worms on the blood-stained earth. Limbs are broken or shorn from the body,—

entrails expressed—and the whole frame smashed into undistinguishable ruin! Some, borne backward by affright, trample down their own friends beneath their feet; some maintain a desperate struggle with their exulting foes, who in great numbers come leaping and shouting down the steep sides of the pass.

As soon as Margaret Sinclair and her companions had entered this defile, the friendly Halvor made a pause, and in a hesitating tone urged the lady to return. Very much surprised at the request, she asked him what he meant? but he only repeated what he had said with increased earnestness. Just then the attack commenced: as soon as Margaret heard the tumult, she pressed forward, screaming "Sinclair! Sinclair!—treachery! treachery!" Alas! the warning came too late. Borne down in every direction by showers of huge missiles, the Scots knew not where to turn, nor how to defend themselves. Halvor, the gallant and generous Halvor, faithful to his charge, rushed

to the side of the unfortunate lady, and strove to bear her in his arms from the dreadful scene. Despair, and rage, and terror were struggling in the breast of the ill-fated Margaret—" Villain, slave, wretched traitor! loose me!" she cried, hoarse with contending emotions—but Halvor, regardless of her struggles, continued to bear her off; which, Ronald Dane perceiving, he set down the terrified Flora, drew his blade, and made after the well-meaning ravisher. But his interference was needless, for Margaret, soon recollecting herself, drew a concealed dagger from her vest, and in the next instant plunged it deep into the body of Halvor; both immediately fell to the ground, whilst the life-blood of the young Norwegian ensanguined the garments of her who had slain him. " O Rona!" he gasped, " for you—you—I die." Farewell, good spirit!—thou hast passed.

Her attendants, seeing the Scots begin to flee, urged Margaret to attempt to escape by the way they had entered; but she made no reply except

to order Ronald to conduct little Flora and her attendant to the cottage in which they had spent the previous night, and entreat the protection of the peasant's daughter. Then, without waiting for an answer, she sped herself up the pass to seek her husband.

The struggle now was hand to hand. The Norwegians in several places had rushed down upon the invaders, dividing them into separate parties, which they attacked at once with desperate valour. The Scots were so completely taken by surprise, and so irretrievably thrown into confusion, that no efforts of their commander might rally their courage or restore them to order. Finding this to be impracticable, he gathered about him a few calm veteran spirits, whose familiarity with danger enabled them to retain their self-possession at this trying juncture. Well seconded by this gallant band, the brave Colonel cut his way through a mass of enemies, and pushed on as fast as he could towards the mouth of the defile by which they had entered.

It was not long before he met his wife, hastening towards them. What bitter forebodings shot through the heart of each, as they were clasped for a moment in, perhaps, their last embrace! The flight was then continued, until they beheld a large body of fresh assailants, the inhabitants of the villages of Brandwold and Brüden, rush into, and close up the entrance of the pass. Escape was now debarred, hope was extinct, and nothing remained but to die like Scotsmen.

The lady was placed in the midst of the devoted band, who, taking up their position against a rock, defended themselves with the most obstinate resolution. Colonel Sinclair demanded in vain to be admitted to quarter; he was answered only by a shout of savage triumph, and an attack of increased fierceness. One by one his men dropped down, worn out as much with fatigue as overpowered with blows, whilst at every loss, the enemy became more furious.

And now a quarrell, from a cross-bow, struck the high-minded and ill-fated Margaret Sinclair in the breast, and she sank to the earth, never to rise again! Her husband saw her fall—sprang to her side—knelt down by her, and beheld that which drew from him an irrepressible cry of anguish—and then he leapt among his enemies, mad with desperation, and in a few moments received his death wound! Nevertheless, even with the last gasp of parting life, he struggled to reach the spot where lay the form of her he had so truly loved; and his whole strength was just sufficient to enable him to fall prostrate over her lifeless image. His spirit fled in that embrace; and the next blow struck only the shrine of clay that lately held the lofty soul of Sinclair.

Need we dwell further on the slaughter? Let it suffice to say, that out of twelve hundred men, who a few hours,—nay, a few minutes,—before had been wending their way with buoyant hopes and fearless confidence, through the fatal

pass of Kringellen, only sixty were now alive! and these all shortly fell into the hands of their enemies. Poor little Flora and her attendants, all terrified to the last degree, were at the same time also made prisoners by a savage host, who dragged them, with loud shouts, into the village of Vüg.

The day of triumph and of vengeance was over; exultation subsided into sorrow, and the next sun looked down upon a valley of mourners. The deep wail of men, and the loud shrieks of women, were heard far along this dismal region of mountains; the wolves fled farther into the forest, and the birds of prey, sailing high over head in wide gyrations, feared to descend to their banquet of human flesh. This day was spent in preparations for the funeral of the fallen.

On the following morning, the bell of the village church tolled out its mournful summons. In due course, the procession was formed; the pröst, or priest, walked first; after him, those

who bore the dead; then came the women, neatly attired in their best clothes, and having their usual head-dress of a white kerchief, tied under the chin, and falling behind down to the shoulder; and, lastly, the men in their holiday suits, and, for the most part, wearing a red woollen cap on their head. A crowd of admiring children followed the procession at a respectful distance.

There was one whose grief was too violent to permit her being present at the melancholy spectacle—she was the unhappy Rona. Almost distracted with despair, she knew not where to turn for consolation or peace. A few hours before, a gay and laughing maiden, existence offered nothing to her view, but pictures of happiness and hope. How sudden the change! and is it really so? And is he really gone for ever, and ever, and ever? And must she drag out alone a whole, long, wearisome life, uncheered by a single ray, drinking the cup of bitterness daily to the dregs, without one solitary hope to rest

upon—stricken, blighted, crushed? Never before had she felt the full desolation of grief; never before had she known that intensity of woe which mortal beings are doomed to bear.

Poor Rona! she could feel pleasure no more in attending on her flock, or in wandering by the brink of the rapid river, or in busying herself about the simple occupations of home. Life no longer possessed a single charm, and she was utterly desolate.

Such are the effects of grief! from which, at the time, we imagine we shall never again rise up, but must necessarily pass through the weary future of life with an accumulating load of misery. Yet such is the elasticity of the mind, and so totally impossible is it to remain always under the influence of one passion or feeling, that in a few years, perhaps in a few months, a considerable portion of pristine vigour is restored to our spirits; and again we behold visions of cheering brightness, and again joyously anticipate the future, building up schemes of happiness,

which former misfortunes have only tended to delay—and again we encounter ruin, and anguish, and despair. Such is the business of life!—sorrow insensibly dissolves into joy, and joy conducts only to sorrow.

However wretched poor Rona might feel, there might yet be stored for her, within the womb of time, a year of consolation and happiness.

On the day succeeding the funeral, a general debate was held among the inhabitants of the district as to the best mode of disposing of the prisoners. Some proposed to make them slaves, and employ them in felling timber and tending the herds; but this was overruled, lest their liberty should give them the power and the inclination to revenge. Some recommended that they should be confined for life in a large house to be devoted to that purpose; but this proposition was immediately negatived, on account of the continual burden and expense that would attend it. The brains of a Norwegian

are not very fertile in expedients, and no one was able to suggest any other scheme. A moody silence prevailed throughout the assembly, no one liking to be the first to propose the alternative; but at length, an old man, with a pipe in his mouth, clambered on to a bench, and attracted universal attention. He remained a moment in silence, then displacing his pipe, observed, in a kind of soliloquy,—"They must die! the dogs; —they must die!" and immediately recommenced his occupation of smoking.

The train was now lighted;—a hundred voices shouted at once,—"Let them die!—let them die! Norway for ever!" A violent agitation pervaded the whole throng, the men shouted, the women screamed, every one strove to lash himself into fury, that he might be better fitted for the work of death. Suddenly there was a rush toward the place in which the victims were confined; the door was thrown open, and the miserable creatures were dragged forth. The frenzy of the people was at its

height, and the knife of each soon found a mortal sheath.*

Amid the shrieks of terror and despair might be heard the shrill cries of woman; and the faithful peasant girl, striving to the last to preserve little Flora from the blows that were aimed at both, sank expiring on the ground. The child was now in the grasp of a ruthless murderer, who, with fierce exultation in his looks, raised his streaming weapon on high, and was about to plunge it into the breast of his innocent victim! Just then, a young woman, in whose countenance indignation, and pity, and consuming sorrow, seemed struggling for the mastery, pressed through the crowd, arrested the hand of the assassin, and snatched the poor infant to her bosom, where it clung affrighted, beseeching protection.

Rona returned in safety to her home, and

* Von Buch declares that sixty persons, all that survived of the twelve hundred, were slaughtered in cold blood, to save the expense of maintaining them. I have not Pontoppidan by me, and cannot say whether he mentions this circumstance.

reared up the infant she had rescued with tenderest affection, and it grew to be the admiration of the whole country. It was commonly known by the interesting title of the "Orphan Stranger;" but of its future fortunes, I have, to my infinite regret, been able to learn nothing; whether it wedded with some neighbouring peasant, and died near the spot on which it was reared, or whether, by some accident of fortune, it ever returned to its mother-land, I am scarcely able even to conjecture.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DOVRE FJELD.

It was now approaching the end of May, and the weather was excessively sultry; in fact, I was scarcely able to move along, even at the most moderate pace; and yet, as I toiled through a fine valley, I was surprised to observe that, at the further end of it, the snow was falling very fast. When I had advanced a little farther, I turned to look at the view behind me, and perceived that a heavy shower of rain was swiftly pursuing my steps up the valley. Soon the two storms united, and gave me a thorough wetting.

Before the summer is fully set in, the weather among the mountains is exceedingly variable; one day, cold as in the depth of winter, and the next, oppressively warm.

I fell in one day with a funeral procession, and though my superstitious feelings urged me to avoid it, I found myself, from the nature of the road, wholly unable to do so; I therefore stood still, and allowed it to pass by. The coffin was painted black, and borne in a rude cart; the mourners, or attendants, walked without order or regularity, and singing a hymn, which was rather noisy than musical. There was one man on horseback, who held a little boy before him; the bridle of his horse was bedizened with small shells, which in that part of the country seem to be considered great ornaments. The procession was made rather picturesque by the scarlet caps of the followers, who were all men; the women stood watching them at the door of the cottage which they had just quitted. As they approached, I addressed my features to a

very sentimental cast, but soon found that I was quite out of character, as every one engaged on this melancholy duty wore a look of indifference, if not of hilarity.

I was now fast advancing upon Sneehattan, the object of my desires. The whole surface of the country was covered with snow; and a narrow track, made by the sledges of the peasants, along which I stumbled and floundered, sometimes up to the knees, and sometimes to the middle, was the only road that led to the mountain.

I spent the night at Jerkin, a little village situated within view of Sneehattan, where I was more comfortably lodged than I had anticipated. It was Saturday evening, and the Sabbath had therefore begun;* and though I was much pleased with the piety manifested by the peasants, yet I was somewhat disturbed by the continual

* As in Germany, and other continental countries, the Sabbath commences at six on Saturday evening, and ends at the same hour on the evening following.

croaking which, during several hours, they kept up in the room beneath that in which I was expected to repose. I found, on the following morning, that it was used as a chapel, there being no regular place of worship within many miles.

I continued to advance for several leagues, though with great difficulty, as I had to drag myself through the snow, into which I sometimes sank to a considerable depth; the sun all the time scorching me with his excessive heat, and being reflected from the white surface, almost dazzled me to blindness. In fine, I was in no slight degree disappointed with the far-famed Sneehattan. Its appearance is, in fact, exceedingly insignificant; and though it possesses nothing of grandeur, it is at least equally wanting in beauty. All the sketches that I have seen of it, are very unjustifiable exaggerations; and, to compose a picture, the artist has commonly taken the liberty to bring objects together, which in fact lie many miles apart, and cannot by possibility be seen at a single view.

Sneehattan is a mountain of gradual ascent, without any broken outline, or lofty crags, or pointed summits searching the clouds, to give it the charms of variety and beauty.

In the course of the next two days I had again left the mountains, and the regions of snow, and descended to the cheerful valley; I had been away little more than a week, but how great a change had taken place in my absence! The trees had put on their fresh green leaves, the flowers had burst forth from the sod, the herbage had acquired a livelier hue, and Nature appeared in her most enchanting dress, decked in the habiliments of Spring. My heart was lifted up within me, gay and joyous; never (I presume from the sudden contrast) had this season possessed for me so many charms; never was nature felt to be so very beautiful. Every tree that I beheld filled me with pleasure; and I trode the earth, and inhaled the breeze with an expanded sense of delight, that by others may scarcely be recognised or understood. Surely, I said, I am

not become quite hardened; I am not quite dead to simple and elegant pleasures;—I am yet susceptible of pure and unworldly emotions; and can yet respond with a vibrating heart to the poetry of Nature.

Far distant be the day when the beautiful things of the earth shall cease to affect me—when I shall come to look on creation with a cold and indifferent eye! When that day arrives, the best and purest springs of the heart will have ceased to flow.

The sun now blazed out, fiercely hot; my face was quite scorched by the continual glare, my lips were swollen, and my ears and neck blistered. I observed that the countenance of every man and woman in the neighbourhood of Sneehattan was of the deepest red, or lake colour; which I conceive must be attributed to the intense heat of the summer sun, reflected from the dazzling surface of snow.

It is impossible that any one who has observed with common attention the character of the

Norwegian peasantry, should fail to be struck with their universal indolence and apathy. Their country possesses innumerable rich valleys, capable of the highest improvement, and the banks of the lakes are exceedingly fertile. But the spirit of inactivity and idleness pervades the whole region, and the inhabitants are perfectly content to derive from their farms what is only just sufficient to satisfy the necessities of nature, when the most trifling attention to cultivation would reward them with abundance, and even luxuries. As soon as one plot of ground is exhausted, they move on a little further, and reduce the adjoining soil to the same condition. Nothing is cultivated in their gardens save a few vegetables; although the priest and the extensive landed proprietor, in many places, have introduced fruit trees, and by a little industry have obtained not a few indulgences that aid to soften the natural severity of life. But these laudable exertions are not imitated by the peasants. With coarse bread to eat, and brandy to drink, they

are perfectly contented; their highest idea of happiness is centred in listless inactivity. Scarcely superior in their knowledge of intellectual enjoyments to the herds which constitute their wealth, like them they seem to consider felicity to consist in repose.

They retire to rest about eight o'clock in the evening (during spring and summer, at least) and rise about five the next morning; but not content with this nap, they commonly go to sleep again for a couple of hours after breakfast, and again also after dinner; and in fact they contrive to enjoy a siesta after every meal.

I was now within view of a mountain called Lorn fjeld, which presented a more picturesque appearance than most that I had beheld; and as the neighbouring scenery was of a pleasing character, I resolved to remain here a few days, and, accordingly, fixed my head-quarters at a place called Blager, where I found a tolerable inn. In the evening, having refreshed myself with a very acceptable dinner, I sallied forth to

reconnoitre, and had not wandered far before I discovered that I had stumbled into the farm-yard of the village priest, where I soon perceived his reverence himself, who was in the act of chewing the cud of some knotty reflections. He immediately came towards me, and very courteously invited me into his house, whither, after some hesitation, I accompanied him. His abode was comfortable, and manifested how much might be accomplished, even in a Norwegian dwelling, with the aid of a little contrivance. He possessed a daughter, the handsomest maiden I had yet seen in the country, who conducted herself with great propriety, and even good-breeding. She brought into the room a small tray, which contained a decanter of brandy, some biscuits and a glass, and proceeded to administer the usual welcome of "ain dram." My host insisted on my staying to take coffee; and before it was served, a jug of ale was handed round, according to the usual custom. The pretty maiden introduced the coffee herself, and

having taken her seat at a table, proceeded to serve us with a grace and confidence that quite surprised me to behold in so remote a region. The guest is expected to take two cups on these occasions, neither more nor less, and then having turned his cup upside down, or laid his spoon across it, he addresses the lady of the house with the words—"Tak for Madan,"—or, thanks for the mistress. Soon afterwards I returned to my inn. A very intelligent engineer, who was engaged under the orders of government in surveying the district, and taking the elevation of some of the mountains, had likewise established himself at the same house, and, in consequence, we generally messed together.

One evening, he invited several of the neighbouring gentry to come and drink punch with us, and we accordingly consumed a few hours in this laudable occupation. On the following evening we were invited to the habitation of one of our visitors, where we were entertained with equal hospitality. After the punch-bowl had

been emptied twice or thrice, we were served with a slight supper, which consisted of milk, bread, goat's-milk cheese, and hard-boiled eggs, chopped into small pieces and brought in upon a dish. The egg was eaten between slices of bread and butter, like a sandwich.

I made several visits in this neighbourhood, and was every where treated with the greatest hospitality; the course of entertainment, in all cases, was much the same, being first a dram, then, in order, coffee, punch, and supper.

The peasants are not quite so miserable and squalid-looking a race as those of Sweden; but their long, uncombed hair gives them rather a wild and barbarous appearance. They dress very like our own labourers, except in the red cap which commonly adorns their head. They are also well pleased with an useless number of large buttons, and generally wear immense buckles in their shoes.

The women wear a jacket of cloth, fastened in front with a clasp of silver; their thick gowns are of a dark chocolate colour, and their heads

are covered with a white kerchief, which passes under their chin, and also reaches down to their back, and thus preserves the neck from the fierce rays of the sun.

The meat which they kill is seldom cooked fresh, but is commonly salted, and not eaten until it has been preserved several months, and has acquired the hardness of an oak board.

The filthy condition of the people during summer, when the vermin are in full vigour and activity, is perfectly horrible. I shudder as I write, whilst I recollect my annoyance and terror, when the inquisitive peasants used to crowd about me, examining my clothes and accoutrements. Their curiosity is without parallel, and they were accustomed to crowd around me in groups, gaping in silence at such an extraordinary phenomenon, and admiring the texture of my clothes, which especially excited the observation of the women. It may be guessed how much I was persecuted by this insatiable curiosity, when I state that a crowd

of women and children,—the men generally pausing at the threshold,—would sometimes in the morning penetrate into my bed room (the door of which was never furnished with a bolt) and stand and stare at me as I lay in bed; and not all my moving gestures and entreaties could induce them to stir, until they had gazed to their hearts' content, when, having thoroughly examined my wardrobe, they would quietly walk out of the room again, and leave me to dress in peace, though not a little disturbed in my feelings.

I now quitted Blœger, and walked manfully onward during several days, until I got among the mountains called Sogne fjeld, one of which, I believe, has within a few years been ascertained to be some feet greater in height than Sneehattan. Only a week ago, in the Dovre fjeld, the summer sun had scorched me with his intensest rays, but now I was suffering the severest rigours of winter in the midst of frost and snow. The wind cut sharply in my face,

as I quitted Hoft, and pinched me so severely that, in addition to a stout pair of gloves, I found it expedient to thrust my hands and arms into a pair of woollen stockings. It was now about the 20th of June.

Having walked all day, I began to look out for a house where I might be accommodated for the night; so, climbing to the summit of a hill, I surveyed the neighbouring country, and beheld a cottage at no great distance. As I approached, a young girl emerged from it, who hastily fastening the door, fled away with all speed, until she had attained an elevated piece of rock, which she climbed, and then stood watching my movements. When she saw that I drew towards the door of her house, she bounded down the side of the mountain, in the direction of another dwelling that lay not far off. I hastened in pursuit, and had not advanced far, before I beheld two females, whose dark figures, against a large snow-drift, looked wild and picturesque. They also retreated before

me; but at length I stood in front of an humble dwelling, into which I resolved to effect an entrance. The doorway was a low square hole, and I had to stoop considerably before I could thrust myself in; and when I had at length drawn my legs over the high threshold, and stood upright within the edifice, I was startled to find myself in immediate proximity to the horns of a cow, who, I thought, might probably take it into her head to impale me as an intruder; but, luckily, she was a domestic animal of a very peaceable nature, and continued to chew her cud with undisturbed gravity. It is very common to find sick goats, pigs and calves, lying before a cottage fire, where they are being nursed by the goodwife. My friend, the cow, was likewise an invalid, but, notwithstanding the delicate state of her health, as there was no one present, I took the liberty to shove her to one side of the fire-place, and raking together the embers, I made myself as comfortable as circumstances would admit.

As I sat on a low stool contemplating the rising blaze, I could not but think that the scene would compose rather an amusing picture—here, in the depths of the Sogne mountains, was a poor English gentleman, looking as desolate as winter, with a half-starved cow for his parlour companion, the snow pelting in through the doorway, and not one of those comforts or conveniences within reach which Englishmen consider to be almost essential to the enjoyment of life. The want of these, however, I recked but little; the present hath never had many charms for me, and the future and the past are, and have been, equally a waste. A series of struggles and disappointments, and sorrows, is the bitter lot of man; and oftentimes, when compelled to retire hungry and worn to a wretched couch, I have laughed to think that I should for a moment compare those trifling bodily wants to that acute torture of the mind which is felt (not seldom) when the vulture Despondency comes and preys on the vitals of thought.

There is a dark night to the mind, that is long, very long, ere it breaks into morning; when we feel that the settled certainty of life may be relieved by no change till it encounter the rude shock of death. How is the soul crushed down by the heavy weight of existence! which forces it writhingly to confess that the keenest of all punishments is—to live. There is a deadly Simoom which at times comes sweeping over the mind, blasting and poisoning every thought that chances to wander across its path—and as the soul shrivels up before the hot, pestiferous gust, we hide our head in ashes, and grovel in the darkness of despair. Ye that have never lain and groaned beneath the heavy pressing burden of despondency, striving in the black midnight of the mind to catch the faint twinkle of some distant star which might impart one blessed ray of light and hope—fall down, and thank the Most Merciful that, as yet, ye know not hell.

Why we are subject to this terrible blighting

of our mental energies, I know not; nor whence it comes. It is not caused by external evils, for these my spirit can surmount, riding loftily upon the billows of worldly calamity; but it finds me in the midst of gaiety and joy; and when fortune smiles brightest, and scarce a cloud hovers over head, that may contain the forked lightning—I am struck. No thunder is heard rolling before the blast of earthly misfortune, but in a moment the springs of life are turned acid, and all that was created for enjoyment is converted at once into poison, so powerful as to taint the very atmosphere we inhale, thus causing us to live in the noxious vapours ourselves have produced. The demon of dark, and lonely and searing thoughts, comes like a vampire on the blasts of hell, and fastens its hot terrible lips to ours, and sucks out the strength and vigour from our thoughts, leaving us only the dregs, which, intenser than vitriol, eat through and through the integuments of the mind. O Hell! hast thou in store

any tortures greater than those of DESPONDENCY?

* * * * *

The shadow hath passed over, the cloud is withdrawn, and the sunshine of hope once more re-illumines the soul. In the lonely cottage of the Norwegian peasant, amid the gloomy solitude of the Sogne fjeld, the fit came upon me; it hath visited me *now*. Whither shall I flee to escape it? But—'tis over: let us turn again to our humble narrative.

After I had remained some time in the cottage, a rosy-cheeked maiden entered, and welcomed me with great cordiality; and then taking her milk-pail she returned to the door, near which she sat down, and called one of the cows to her by its name; several of these animals then standing at a short distance, waiting to be milked. The one called, approached, and retired when dismissed; the next also responded to its name by obeying the summons; and so all of them in turn. The peasants contrive to bring

their flocks and herds to a wonderful state of docility; and goats and sheep are readily taught to go in whichever direction the voice of the shepherdess may command. On the hills, they who superintend the flocks, are provided with long, straight horns, or speaking trumpets, through which the voice is projected to a very great distance.

The family party this evening consisted of the master of the house, a fine venerable old man, the pretty milkmaid, and two young men, one of whom I soon discovered to be a happy suitor; the other was her brother.

We supped frugally on bread and milk, and then retired to repose. My couch was a hard bench, placed near the fire, and covered with a goat-skin. Placing my knapsack under my head, and wrapping myself up in my cloak, I commended myself to God, and slumbered more soundly than many an earl on his bed of down.

CHAPTER X.

THE WEDDING.

THE next morning, having breakfasted on oatmeal porridge and salt beef, I bade a friendly farewell to my entertainers, whom I remunerated with a few pieces of money—a liberality which they did not seem to expect—and directed my steps towards a valley which afforded a channel to the rapid Bœver. I intended to pass over a barrier of snow-covered mountains, to the western coast of Norway; and the assurance of the peasants that the attempt would be attended with my utter destruction, since there were neither

paths nor cottages to direct or shelter me, caused me only to smile at their want of courage, and had so little effect that I did not even take with me a stock of provision—the want of which was the cause of my failure.

Under the guidance only of my compass, I passed up the desolate valley, and wandered long over the vast hills and plains of snow, till I had left far behind every vestige of man, and was myself the only human being within the range of many leagues. As I walked cheerfully along, rejoicing in the perfect solitude of the scene, and well contented never again to behold another of my species, I was struck with the beautiful plumage of a water-fowl which passed close before me on its way to a neighbouring stream. Suddenly, it whisked round a large isolated rock that rose up from the snow a few paces distant, and I pushed on to obtain another glimpse; no sooner had I doubled the rock, than to my great astonishment, and indeed, for a moment, to my great terror, I found myself, face

to face, with an enormous wolf! In fact, I was close upon him before I was aware into what company I had fallen; and he, seated upon his haunches, was so intently watching the very bird of which I was in pursuit, that he had not seen or heard my approach. It would be difficult to say which of us felt the greatest surprise, and we looked at each other for an instant before I advanced or he galloped off. He was a fine, beautiful creature, with a sleek coat of silver-grey, and bounded from before me with an easy and graceful motion, not keeping a direct line, but veering from side to side, and watching me with either eye alternately. I hallooed after him, and pursued as fast as the nature of the snow would permit, in order that I might see as much as possible of a *real wolf* in his native wilds. At every shout he turned to look at me, but at length betaking himself to the broken rocks on the side of the mountain, he was hid from my view, and I beheld him no more.

I continued to wade on through the snow,

which being now much drifted, rendered the task of walking exceedingly laborious. Sometimes I sank so deep, that I began to be rather alarmed, for the light substance afforded no step to my foot, and I had great difficulty in scrambling out from the pit I had formed for myself.

After toiling until the day was far advanced, I found myself at the summit of a high mountainous ridge, from whence might be seen nothing but an immense waste of snow, covering hill and valley; before me lay another mountain which it was necessary to cross; and after holding a brief council with myself, I descended to make the attempt.

A wide vale was first to be traversed, and when at last I reached the foot of the ascent, I almost despaired; nevertheless, after long toiling, and many bruises, I succeeded in standing on the highest ridge, and beheld to my indescribable dismay a similar series of stern hoary mountains, and wide valleys intersected by rivers. I sat down exhausted with fatigue, and

began to think that my hour had at length arrived.

I could not discern from my lofty station even the humblest cottage within a range of many leagues. I had been foolish enough to set out in the morning unprovided with food, and now, weary and hungry, I found it impossible to attempt to advance farther; I saw that it would take five or six hours to reach the top of the next mountain (supposing I should succeed in crossing the intermediate river) and probably when I attained that elevation, I should find the prospect little improved. And yet to go back by the long, toilsome, and desolate way by which I had come, was so very distasteful to my inclination, that it was some time before I decided to adopt this course; but at length I began to retrace my steps, and moodily plodded along, considerably out of humour with the result of my rambles over the Sogne fjeld.

I have feared to tire the reader with descriptions of my solitary walks among mountains,

where few incidents occur that can be of general interest; and I will now conduct him back, much faster than I travelled myself, to the solitary cottage I had quitted in the morning. It was after midnight when I reached it; but as the sun at that period of the year forsakes the horizon only for about half an hour, I was not so much inconvenienced by darkness as by hunger and fatigue.

It may be supposed that I returned with feelings very different to those with which I had set out. My spirits were so broken, and my energies so jaded by the time I had reached again the Wolf's Rock, that the profound solitude of the scene, and the solemn stillness of the evening hour, weighed heavily on my heart, and fairly appalled me. It is astonishing how differently, at different times, the same scenes will affect us. In the morning, with vigorous limbs, and soul elate, and courage high, I had rejoiced in the feeling that I was *alone*—far from the world, and (I thought) from its troubles.

Solitude had then inexpressible charms, and the absence of fellow mortals seemed to entitle me to a more intimate familiarity with Nature herself. The birds, the rocks, the winds were my companions; and I exulted in acknowledging for them a responsive feeling.

But how different now were my thoughts! I looked out in vain for the cheering countenance of some hospitable peasant; nothing but desolation and dreariness met my eye. The way seemed beset with dangers; I expected to behold a bear advancing from behind every rock, and every faint, hollow gust of wind sounded in my ear like the distant howl of a pack of ravenous wolves.

Innumerable stories of travellers who had been devoured by these animals, rose up in my memory; and it was with actual terror that I retraced the track of my morning footsteps, and found that my old acquaintance, the wolf, had also returned to them, and carefully followed their direction to a very great distance. He,

then, had actually been in pursuit of me!—was even perhaps still engaged in the quest! or gone to invite his companions to join in the hunt, the danger, and the banquet. My heart grew sick within me. In vain I summoned pride to my assistance, and reproached myself for yielding to the weakness of cowardice: the belief that I was lost in this tremendous wilderness, the pinching demands of hunger, the exhaustion of bodily strength, the continual pelting of the blinding snow in my face, completed the wretchedness of my condition, and made me incapable of attending to any thing but the suggestions of my fears.

And shall I confess that, as the short twilight drew on, terrors still more indistinct and undefined were beating about my heart? The belief in supernatural agency is so universal, and so deeply-rooted in Norway, that however sceptical I might myself be on the subject, the continual repetition of such stories had forced me to remember, if not to believe them. And now

they all came crowding on my memory, as I passed through the lonely dells and awful solitudes of the hills; and though I strove to laugh at such fancies, yet whenever some reluctant bird, disturbed by my footsteps, forsook the neighbouring brake, rustling the snow in plentiful showers down from the thick boughs, and sought the distant quiet of some more solitary roost,—my blood would freeze, and I almost expected to hear myself addressed in the harsh tones of some unearthly wanderer of the mountains.

At length I accomplished my return; I rested; I was refreshed—and I arose in the middle of the day an invigorated creature. Again I felt able to despise the troubles and hardships that attended my destiny. I could scarcely recognise the feelings of yesterday, and was astonished when I remembered the weakness into which I had been betrayed. Now, with braced nerves, and a dauntless spirit, I felt that I should have pleasure in assaulting

a dozen or two wolves; and I laughed aloud as I recollected my thoughts concerning the mountain demon. So mightily was I elated with the memory of the toils and dangers which I had overcome on the previous day, that I could not help bragging to my host of my encounter with the wolf, and the ardent desire I felt to return and deprive him of life with my pocket-pistol.

Weak as I am, and constantly slipping into error and folly, blinded by vanity, or steeled with conceited ignorance, I yet occasionally have the grace to be conscious of, and to blush for, the miserable failing. On the present occasion, I had no sooner uttered the wretched boast, than the recollection of my poltroonery, and all the magnitude of my late exceeding terror, came in full volume on my mind; and, stammering with shame and confusion, I rose up, bade my entertainer farewell, and made my escape with as much haste as if he had been acquainted with the secrets of my breast.

I now resolved to return again to Blœger,

and renew my acquaintance with the excellent pröst. I was detained rather late in my old quarters at Hoft, where I spent a night, being unable to procure a breakfast before ten o'clock in the morning. Two hours are a moderate space of time for a Norwegian to prepare the simplest meal, so invariably slow is he in all his actions.

When at last I obtained my breakfast, it was cold; and when finished, there was no one to receive my payment. The whole family were enjoying their morning siesta. It is a matter of much indifference in what spot they seek repose during the day-time; and I have frequently found them extended on the wet earth, after the rain has been descending during the greater part of the night. These delays made me rather later in my arrival at Blœger than I had wished; but at length I had the satisfaction to find myself once more in the comparatively comfortable inn, (or farm-house) enjoying the society of my friend, the engineer.

I was struck with the unusually clean appearance of the house, which was garnished with boughs of pine, and looked remarkably clean and cheerful. Every room was newly-sprinkled with pine-leaves. The good lieutenant (the engineer) conducted me to a room above that which we had formerly occupied, and which I found was now intended to serve as the banquetting room to a large wedding party. I was very well pleased with the prospect of being present at the wedding, which was to take place on the following day, and felt in some degree consoled for my misadventures on the Sogne mountains.

In the evening, a numerous assemblage arrived at the inn, some in karioles, or little gigs, and others, of both sexes, on horseback. All the neighbourhood was present to welcome the new-arrived. Hats were doffed, heads nodded, and smirks and smiles beamed brightly on every face.

I was invited to join the supper party, and at

eight o'clock we all sat down to that jovial meal.

At ten, on the following morning, the wedding procession began to form; all was bustle and excitement; the horses and karioles were disposed in order; the women came forth dressed in their gayest apparel; instead of the usual cotton kerchief over the head, they now wore one of gauze or muslin, figured with silk.

The first vehicle was occupied by a gentleman and his lady, who appeared to be of the first rank. He spoke French, and was dressed like an Englishman, in a suit of black; his wife wore a new black silk gown; beneath which appeared, in remarkably good taste, a very conspicuous pair of yellow boots. The second kariole contained the intended bride and bridegroom. After these, a solitary lady in her little gig, driven by her servant, who stood behind, and held the reins. The equestrians followed the carriages, and the lieutenant and myself, at the head of the ignoble vulgar, brought up the rear

on foot. The march presented a picturesque appearance, rising over and descending the hills which lay on our route. After we had proceeded about an English mile, we reached the church, where we found another party of peasants awaiting our arrival.

The horses being made fast to the railed fence of the priest's garden, the bridegroom went in search of his reverence, with whom he shortly returned.

The priest, carrying a book in his hand, now led the way into the sacred edifice, followed by the young couple, and the main body, in the order in which they had arrived.

The church was nearly filled. The ceremony commenced with a hymn. The priest stood beside the altar, the intended pair at its foot; the rest of the company were divided into two lines, the women forming one, and the men standing opposite to them. When the hymn was concluded, the pastor addressed the young couple at some length, and with great fervour.

At the conclusion of his exhortation I observed the bride to heave a deep sigh, which excited in my bosom feelings of the most intense and painful interest. It was with great difficulty that I refrained from interrupting the ceremony, to inquire the reason of this inauspicious sigh. The more I looked at her, the more I fancied she was acting in obedience to the commands of others, and was offering up her happiness instead of her heart. I burned with a vehement desire to stand forth before the altar, and avow to the assembly my hatred and abhorrence of oppression, and strenuously insist that the ceremony should proceed no further. Whilst swelling with these thoughts, I observed a furtive smile to steal over the features of the bride; and I instantly shrunk back a foot or two, as though I had already committed some very ridiculous act. Moreover, I perceived her to be a silly, simpering girl, who was quite undeserving of that interest which she had for a moment so unwarrantably excited.

The ceremony concluded with the priest placing his hands on the heads of the kneeling pair, and praying of heaven to bestow on them its blessing. The whole company then sung a hymn, and afterwards the new-married couple passed round the altar, and each laid upon it a piece of money. This action was imitated by every person present, and a considerable heap was accumulated, which the priest carefully deposited in a handkerchief. I learnt afterwards that the money thus produced was to be applied in defraying the expenses of the wedding festival, the duration of which would depend, in a great measure, upon the amount collected. It is also customary, on these occasions, to make presents of fruit, game, &c.

After our return to the inn we had not long to wait before dinner was served up. The bride and bridegroom sat at the head of the table; the ladies occupied one side, and the men the other, but every one according to his rank. On this occasion we dispensed with a ceremony

that is not unusual, of firing a salute of guns across the table.

The dinner consisted of roast meats, fowls, game, vegetables, several kinds of preserves, and other things which were esteemed delicacies.

When the meal was concluded, the whole party rose at once to shake hands with one another. The fatigue and annoyance of this ceremony may be conceived, when it is stated, that there were as many persons present as could find seats at two very long tables, with every one of whom I had to shake hands. The pushing, scrambling, elbowing, and laughing that accompanied, are beyond all description.

We then repaired into the open air, and the company laid themselves down in various directions on the grass, and were soon in the full enjoyment of an agreeable siesta.

In the evening, a fiddler made his appearance, and every one began to dance with might and main. I never beheld a happier scene; and I really think it would have won a smile of

benevolent pleasure from the wooden countenance of the most frigid Puritan that ever turned pale at the mention of a ball-room.

After dancing came the supper; brandy-punch was in great repute. National songs were sung without number, national toasts given, and hailed with rapture; and "gamle Norge!" was shouted again and again, amid clapping of hands, and waving of glasses, and reiterated bursts of enthusiasm, until every one was fairly exhausted with his exertions, and the tumult gradually died into silence.

It was on this evening that I learnt the outlines of the following legend, with which I have ventured to take a few liberties, that perhaps will not make it the less acceptable to my readers of either sex.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FOREST LEGEND.

In the midst of that vast tract of mountainous country called the Dovre fjeld, the adventurer may discover an extensive valley, in which, some years ago, dwelt a rich proprietor, the lord of a considerable, though rather barren, domain. His herds fed on the sides of many hills, his flocks supplied the neighbourhood with clothing, his harvest was laid up in several garners, and his storehouse* was always filled with dried meat

* The storehouse is usually situated at a short distance from the place of abode.

and other kinds of provision. Above all, whenever he rode on horseback, which was only on solemn occasions, as to a wedding, or a distant funeral, he sat in an English saddle. But for nothing was he so much envied as the possession of a daughter—his only child. This beautiful creature was not only the delight of her father, but, if tradition speaks truly, the admiration of all Norway. Several songs are said to have been composed in honour of her charms, by no despicable poets, but to the unutterable regret of posterity, no portion of them has descended to our times, save one solitary fragment, found at the bottom of an earthen jar, which had lain for an unknown period amidst the rubbish of a lumber room. The following is a literal translation of this remarkable relic:—

The rose rests against the side of the house,
Which has pride in her confiding presence,
And is adorned with her beautiful blossoms,
And in return defends her from the storms.

Who is our rose but Lelah, the pride of the earth?
Beneath her father's shadow she dwells; she rests upon him;
He covers her with the shield of his might.
Beautiful Lelah! for thee—for thee we sigh.

The snow on the broad bough of the tall pine
Is not so fair as Lelah, when she reclines
Upon the strength of her sire—happy Lelah!
Happy, happy sire! * * * *

The subject of these verses, Lelah Wolfinger, was indeed, if there be any truth in tradition, well worthy of the homage she received. Not only is she said to have been the most beautiful being the world has ever known, but in the sweetness of her temper, the kindness of her heart, and the extent of her generosity, she is also declared to have been unequalled. Being a rich heiress, as well as a lovely maiden, it may readily be supposed that she was not a little tormented by suitors. Indeed Penelope had not so many. The fame of her beauty attracted admirers from every corner of Norway; some determined to put themselves to death in her

presence, unless she would bid them live with a smile; and some offered to lay possessions at her feet that, one would think, would have tempted a nun: but she treated them all alike, and refused to abandon her own dear home, and the arms of her still dearer father.

Herr Wolfinger, on his part, was almost distracted by the crowd of assailants, who never ceased besieging him with entreaties for assistance and interference, and who courted his friendship with as much assiduity as they frequented his hospitable board; but he always put them aside with the declaration that his daughter was her own mistress, and that he had nothing to do with the matter. Nevertheless, as Lelah was now of marriageable years, he wished her to select a mate, and therefore cordially invited the suitors to remain as long as they pleased in his house. Liberal as the good old man appeared to be in his conduct, he had yet settled two things very decidedly in his mind: first, that all his endeavours should be directed

to make the choice of his daughter fall upon Jan Funensen, a young man whose large estates adjoined his own, but who had the misfortune to possess a stunted figure, and an ill-favoured countenance, with a mind as distorted, morose, and unprepossessing as his person. And secondly, he had resolved that no arguments whatever should induce him to sanction the pretensions of his kinsman, young Harold Wengern, a lad of great spirit, apprehension, and address. Harold's father had been a traveller; that is to say, he had journeyed to Christiania, where he fell in with designing companions, and incurred expenses which compelled him to part with almost the whole of his estate.

On his death, his son found himself possessed of a very scanty subsistence; but being naturally of a sanguine temper, and having tolerable confidence in his own powers, he was very little disconcerted by the prospect of poverty, and contrived to support himself, his housekeeper,

who had formerly helped to nurse him, and one male domestic, with the produce of his fowling-piece and fishing-rod.

His large wooden house was situated on the other side of one of the hills that formed the boundary of the valley in which his sweet kinswoman Lelah resided. In their early youth they had been much together; and in fact, they loved each other with an entire affection, which the opposition of circumstances very naturally tended to confirm.

With Wolfinger, who was any thing but sordid, Harold's want of fortune was not the cause of his want of success: he had better reasons for his hostility. One day whilst rambling over the mountains with his young kinsman in search of game, they beheld a majestic elk grazing in a hollow, about one hundred paces distant. Harold was the first who observed it, but with proper deference to age, he pointed it out to his relative, who immediately levelled his rifle and took aim. Unfortunately the piece did not go off, and the

impatient Harold instantly presented his own, and fired: the elk bounded high in the air, and fell lifeless on the spot where, a moment before, it was tranquilly feeding. The vexation of Wolfinger was very great, and he did not fail to disburthen his ire on the cause of it, whom he termed a forward, impertinent whelp. But the jealousy of the old gentleman was fanned into fury and hatred at the next great bear hunt, which happened soon after this misadventure. Having driven the bear to bay, Wolfinger, who was the master of the hunt, had fired his rifle and wounded the animal, and then advanced with his spear to impale her; but just at this moment Harold came up, and without observing the attitude of the Jager-master, dashed in, and drove his hunting-spear into the heart of the bear. The wrath of Wolfinger exceeded all bounds at this insolent interference: "Go! malapert boy," he said, "and learn respect to your elders. This is the second time you have dared to cross my path. May my hand wither

if it ever again be extended towards thine in friendship!"

It was some time after this rebuke before Harold again crossed the mountain which divided his home from the valley of Beorndallen; he remained brooding over his disappointments, and execrating that fortune which threatened for ever to forbid him the society of Lelah. Having, however, one day taken heart of grace, he ventured to approach the house which contained all his hopes and fears, and had the satisfaction to find his mistress alone. The fortunate issue of this adventure encouraged him to repeat it, and though he sometimes encountered the scowling brow of Wolfinger, who gave him no very cordial welcome, yet the ardour of his love induced him (haughty as he was) to endure the presence of the man who disliked him.

One evening, the youthful lovers had wandered unobserved up the valley, and turned into a secluded dell, where their own low voices alone disturbed the quiet repose of the scene.

"Dearest Lelah!" quoth young Harold, the pride of Dunkerfossen, to the blue-eyed maiden who leant on his arm,—"my only hope is in thy firmness and dear affection. I fear me I shall never win thy father to regard me again with an eye of kindness. God knows I never meant to offend him, and would suffer any extremity might I only convince him of my truth and devotion. Ah, Lelah! I tremble at the dangers by which you are surrounded; your father has determined that you shall wed one of these wealthy suitors who persecute you so unremittingly, and poor Harold, who has only two cows, a few goats, and as much land as he may pass over in half-a-dozen strides, will be left to misery and despair. But, by the soul of Harfager, I swear——" "Harold! Harold!" interrupted the maiden, earnestly but sadly, "your vehemence and impetuosity daily terrify and distress me. It was but yestere'en you drew your dirk on Jan Funensen, who——" "St. Jude!" in his turn interrupted the youth,

"did I not see him strive to snatch your hand?" "Yes, but," said the simple maiden, "you know, Harold, I did not suffer him." "I did not observe that; I saw him make the attempt, and no man on earth shall take it, whilst it is pledged to me—dearest Lelah!" "Harold," continued Lelah, "you will ruin every thing by your violence. Should my father hear that you this morning threatened to beat Hans Muskau if he did not restore the flower he had stolen from my hair, he would forbid my ever speaking to you again; and, alas! who knows how soon he might insist on my accepting for a husband that odious Jan Funensen?" "And should he insist," cried Harold, with precipitation, "what would you do?" "What *could* I do—what *could* I say?" "Great Heaven! what could you do?—say that you would see him cut into a thousand pieces, before you would wed such an ill-conditioned dog." "But, Harold," continued the mischievous maiden, apparently for the sole purpose of provoking that wrath which

she had so lately denounced, "you would not make me undutiful, surely; you would not have me disobey my father!" "Disobey him! to be sure—disobey the—that is, you need not absolutely obey, although, no doubt, it is your duty not positively to disobey him; there is a manifest distinction betwixt passively refusing to obey an unjust command, and perversely acting in opposition to a reasonable behest;" and this ingenious logician supported his view of the case with much eloquence, to the great amusement of his fair auditress.

The conversation next changed to an important bear-hunt which was to take place the following day, and at which many of Harold's rivals were to be present. "It is indeed but too true," continued Lelah, sighing, "my poor maid, Nora, happened to be at that instant in the room, when my father swore with great vehemence that he would give his daughter's hand to whomsoever should slay the bear which has only one eye, whose ravages have lately

been so great among the herds. Heaven knows whether he means to keep his word, but if he does, alas, poor Lelah!" Harold was not a little disconcerted by this determination of Wolfinger, but as he reflected that he had himself as good a chance as any of his rivals, and knew the country more perfectly than most of them, his hopes grew high, and he cheered his doubting companion with all the gaiety of confidence.

At the door of her father's house they parted; Wolfinger and his guests were engaged in conviviality, and Harold gladly retreated from the sounds of their revelry, and bent his steps toward his solitary home.

Early the next morning, accompanied by his only follower, a young man named Christiern Andersson, he bent his steps toward the place of meeting. The Jager-master was already on the spot, attended by his friends and guests, and was in the act of forming the necessary mandgar of peasants. The hunt had been announced

in the neighbouring churches on the preceding Sunday, and the country people assembled in considerable force. The right wing of the mandgar was entrusted to the command of Jan Funensen, the left marched under the orders of Hans Muskau, whilst the centre was directed by Wolfinger himself. The space to be enclosed occupied a good many miles, and it was intended that the two wings should proceed until they rested on the borders of an extensive lake, by which time the centre, driving the game before it, would also have made considerable advances towards the same point.

The morning sun began to break through the clouds, the grey mist still softened the dark outline of the mountains, and pleasure and excitement beat high in every heart.

The Jager-master condescended not to allot a place to our friend Harold, and he therefore took his station where the left wing was united to the centre. This part was the least guarded, and therefore should any game be encountered

in that direction, he would probably have it all to himself.

Time having been allowed to the wings to advance a considerable distance on their route, the main body set forward, crossing a deep ravine, and then ascended the opposite side of a mountain, through a thick wood of pines. The march was conducted in a regular and orderly manner, and every beast was gradually driven into the centre of the moving mass. On the top of the second hill, or mountain, Harold paused to take a survey of the field. Far before him was the extensive lake, whose edge they were hastening to reach; several gently sloping hills and valleys, covered with pines and firs, occupied the intermediate space; and in a break in the forest, at some distance, he discerned a close thicket, which he did not doubt would be considered a strong hold by the bears. On the right and left, though wide apart, lofty mountains of various forms bounded the prospect. And now the chase became more exciting, and,

in various directions, quick, sudden shouts were heard, as the hunters roused the startled wolf, or goube,* from his lair. The wolf puts great confidence in his legs, and therefore when alarmed, always breaks away from cover, and tries to get into the open country. The bear, on the other hand, retreats into the thickest brakes, and never leaves them until the last extremity, except to gallop from one to another, as though doubtful which afforded the best shelter.

Harold stood at the edge of one of these brakes, whilst his valiant follower, Christie, entered it for the purpose of beating out the game. Several shots had been heard on the right side of the hunt, and Harold waited impatiently for his turn. At length he beheld a large bear standing at the edge of the thicket, and cautiously looking round in every direction. Harold's piece was at his shoulder, but in that instant the bear galloped off, still deeper into the

* Otherwise called the varg-lo, or wolf-lynx.

skaal; the hunter fired, but missed; and hastily calling to his servant, ran with all speed in pursuit of the game. He fancied he had perceived it to be the celebrated bear which was blind of one eye, and whose head was that day so valuable, and so eagerly coveted. Careless, therefore, of the danger he ran, by deserting the line of advance, he resolved to hazard every thing to obtain the glorious prize. Honest Christie, as he emerged from the cover, was not a little surprised to behold his master scouring along like another Achilles after the foe, in defiance of the laws of venery; nevertheless, he raced after him as well as he could. Just then, an authoritative voice was heard, ordering them both to return to their stations, at which Harold turned short to one side, and found his hated rival, Jan Funensen, standing before him. "How dare you," quoth this gentleman, "thus break through the rules of the chace? and what do you purpose by running like a wolf from bush to bush? Boy! you must be broken in,

and taught your duty, else by chance you may receive too severe a correction." "Do you question *me* as to what I dare?" retorted the fiery youth. "Who are you that you should presume to issue orders to me? Sirrah! return yourself to whence you came, and beware how you cross the path of Harold Wengern in this or any other matter." "O Sir!" said the ill-favoured son of Funensen, "I seek only to instruct your ignorance; it is the command of the Jager-master that you disobey, not mine. Go on, Sir, go on; and if you happen to receive a rifle ball, your blood be on your own head; certainly it can be spared as well as that of most people." So saying, he retreated into the forest —for they were standing in a small open plain— and rejoined his companions; whilst Harold, turning to his follower, informed him that the bear had betaken himself to another brake just before them; and added that he would not again fire his gun lest it should bring other people to the spot. When they reached this second cover,

Christiern was sent round to enter from the opposite side, thus to cut off the retreat of the bear; and a short time having been allowed for this manœuvre, both the hunters began to penetrate into its depths. In his left hand, Harold carried his unloaded rifle, and in his right, a short woodman's axe, which, in the morning, he had stuck in his belt instead of the hunting falchion at that period commonly worn by the gentry. With eager but wary eyes he peered into every bush; now the rustle of a departing bird would make him think he was on the lair of the shaggy beast, and now a decayed root deceived him for a moment into the belief that he beheld his lurking foe. Harold was brave as the most courageous, and wished nothing more than to meet the monster face to face; but he felt the nervousness which the bravest feel when in the presence of certain, but unseen danger, and doubtful from which quarter it will break forth. And now, full in front of him, the crackling branches gave way before the advance

of some animal, and he stood still, prepared to strike; the thick boughs were pushed aside, a lance's point was presented at his breast, and the valiant Christie was within an ace of running his master through the body. Having recovered themselves without loss of time, they proceeded to search the thicket in company, and satisfactorily proved that no bear lay there concealed. Being, however, only excited by the disappointment, they pushed on to the next jungle, which they entered with desperate resolution. In the very centre of this cover was an open space of several yards in extent, which, as soon as they reached, they found to be already occupied by the bear. He was standing with his eyes fixed on the spot where they stood, just ready to close with him; his attitude bespoke the utmost wariness and attention; and the hunters, fearing he would again betake himself to flight, made a pause, and appeared irresolute whether to advance or retire. This they knew was the best means of enticing the beast to maintain his

ground. The whole group stood gazing on each other for some moments, the bear continuing to utter a low angry growl; at length, finding his opponents unwilling to attack him, he commenced tearing up the earth with his feet, and growling louder and louder, until having worked himself into a moderate fury, he drew nigh to the wary hunters, who prepared to receive him. Whilst Harold thought that the bear was about to turn and flee, he regretted that his gun was unloaded, but now perceiving a contrary disposition, his high spirit rejoiced at the prospect of a closer combat. There is a stern pleasure in bestowing fierce knocks on a courageous foe, that gives to war unspeakable charms for a savage people. The policy of states, and the mild check of religion, have subdued in us that feeling which still lies lurking in the human breast.

The bear approached, at first slowly, but soon made a rush at Harold, rearing himself a little on his hinder legs, but not standing upright, as

he is generally represented in his portraits; just then Christie dashed forward, and drove at him with his lance, which passed through the upper part of his neck, but without doing any serious mischief; whilst Christie himself, carried on by the force of the stroke, actually fell across the body of the beast, which, luckily for him, was that moment directing its most serious efforts against its other enemy. Harold having dealt two or three good blows upon its head and paws with his sharp axe, was glad to spring on one side; and the bear turning its attention to Christie, before he had time to recover himself, succeeded in fairly upsetting him, and would, no doubt, soon have effectually checked his passion for field sports; but his master coming to his aid, bestowed on the monster so tremendous a blow, that, had not his frontal bone been of the texture of adamant, all the brains he ever possessed must surely then have found a vent. As it was, it made the fire flash from the animal's sole remaining eye; and instantly quitting his

fallen enemy, he rushed upon Harold before he had time to get out of the way, and overthrew him in his turn.* But now Christie was ready to repay the assistance he had received, and snatching up his spear, drove it behind the shoulder-blade of the bear, even down to his heart; the beast writhed round towards this new assailant, and Harold rolled from under his paws, and grasping his axe, gave him a final blow behind the ear, that stretched him lifeless on the plain, and ended this desperate conflict. In fact, the struggle was of very short duration, though life and death were several times evenly poised in the balance; and the two hunters having ascertained that neither of them was very seriously injured, proceeded to dispose of the booty. Harold first severed the head with his axe, and then they contrived to drag the body into the thickest part of the cover, where they carefully concealed it beneath boughs and

* I believe the bear never uses his teeth until his victim is laid prostrate.

earth. The head was rolled up in the outer jacket of Christie; and being secured by a cord, was suspended to the spear, and borne on the shoulder of that exulting hero.

The increasing uproar announced the approach of the other hunters, and therefore Harold and his followers hastened away from the scene of their triumph, and shortly rejoined their comrades.

The chace was now almost over; the men were all crowding to the shore of the lake, and wolves, and lynxes, and hares without number, were despatched on all sides with savage exultation. Two bears had also been shot, and every one was satisfied with the day's sport, but those suitors who had hoped to encounter the bjorn with the single eye. Having searched the woods in vain, they returned gloomily to the Jager-master, who stood dividing the spoil, and who rejoiced that the noted bear was not among the dead, since Jan Funensen had failed to destroy it. Every thing being satisfactorily

arranged, the hunters gave a shout for the honour of old Norway, and then dispersed to their respective homes.

The feast at the house of Wolfinger this evening was beyond measure grand and imposing. A bear's head was served up at either end of the groaning board, and sundry paws found their places where fortune or the taste of the servitors decreed. In short, nothing could exceed the magnificence of the entertainment; and as Wolfinger sat in his high chair at one extremity of the room, surrounded by his friends and dependants, he confessed to himself that he was indeed a person of no trifling importance. His beautiful daughter sat nigh him, and the most honourable of his guests crowded closely to this end of the table. Harold, who was also present, thought proper to take a less enviable seat.

After the dishes had been removed, and the table wiped, and, where necessary, washed, the mighty Wolfinger filled his goblet to the brim,

and quaffed it to "Gamle Norge!"*—a toast that was received with the loudest enthusiasm. When the hubbub had subsided, there arose a venerable man, with a fine hale countenance, who, without any preface, gave the health of the Jager-master. The applause which succeeded was beyond all precedent—the rafters rang with the sound; the table tottered beneath the drumming of heavy fists; and one of the benches, yielding to the kicks and pushes of those whom it sustained, fell to the floor, and laid six or seven of the guests on their backs. When the uproar had ceased, and no one seemed inclined to propose any more toasts, every man began to talk of the exploits he had performed in the course of the day. Not one but had mortally wounded several bears, which unluckily effected their escape, owing to the want of proper co-operation on the part of his comrades. Many jeers, of course, were passed on those who had not distinguished themselves by the dexterous

* Old Norway.

use of their guns; "but as for you, Harold," observed an acquaintance who sat opposite, "you ran from the hold of the bear rather faster than"——"than you ran towards it," interrupted another. Harold replied not; but the unusual circumstance of his having failed to distinguish himself that day had excited the surprise of many present. Now observing that Lelah and the rest of the ladies were about to withdraw, he arose from his seat, and striking the table with the handle of his dish, seemed to solicit a hearing—which was immediately vouchsafed by the wondering assembly. "Noble kinsman!" he began, "friends, and compeers all! I crave your ear a few moments. Ye no doubt have all heard that no longer past than yesterday, the lord of Beorndallen promised the hand of yonder fair maiden, his daughter, to whomsoever should kill the slag-björn, which has lately been ravaging your herds on the neighbouring hills. Ye know the beast—that he was sightless of one eye—here is his head;

with this axe was he slain. Noble kinsman! friends and compeers! do me justice—see me righted." He ceased; and the faithful Christie advancing from the lower end of the room, threw his burden, with a loud crash, on the table in the midst of the guests. The head was soon recognised, and numerous voices lauded the gallant action of young Harold. Every tongue was busy, arguing, wondering, admiring; but Wolfinger remained in gloomy silence, considering how he might evade the toil which he had spread for himself. Lelah, with one or two female friends, left the room, but as she passed the doorway, she directed her handmaid, Nora, to remain. At last, every one seemed desirous of hearing the decision of the lord of Beorndallen; and thus he spoke, addressing himself to the victorious hunter:—"Young man! you have undoubtedly done a brave thing in slaying the slag-björn; but how that should entitle thee to the meed you have just demanded, I am at a loss to conjecture. Were the words

you mention addressed to you? I appeal to these my guests, if they were not confined to those who then sat about me." Several voices immediately confirmed this avowal, and Wolfinger proceeded—"No, young man! my daughter's hand is not to be so easily won. It is, moreover,—and I here proclaim it aloud,—already promised to this noble friend," laying his hand on the shoulder of Jan Funensen; "and if Lelah refuse to accept of him, she shall have none other among you until he do something worthier of her than the poor slaughter of a bear. As for you, Harold Wengern, strong though you be, and fierce though you look with your woodman's axe, I swear by the soul of my father, you shall never wed daughter of mine unless you can cut down the wood of Brokner in a couple of days."

Poor Harold could say nothing against this decree, but drooped his head in the bitterness of despondency, whilst a low murmur ran round the inferior portion of the table. Those also

at the upper end began to debate among themselves, and several swore that if Lelah's hand might be won by the felling of timber, she would scarcely come to the lot of Harold: in short, the dispute at length ended with the promise of Wolfinger, that if his daughter should absolutely refuse the hand of Funensen, she should be given to him who, in the space of two days, might be found to have felled the greatest number of trees; "but," he concluded, "I must respect my oath, and the wood of Brokner still belongs to Harold Wengern." He was not, indeed, dissatisfied with this arrangement, as he fancied it would further the views of his favourite candidate. The following day but one was fixed for the commencement of the trial.

Harold returned to his home in the agonies of despair; but yet he did not upbraid so loudly the injustice of Wolfinger as might have been expected. Even in the midst of his disappointment he confessed that a father had the right

to dispose of his daughter as he pleased; and that, however unfortunate he might consider himself, he yet was not entitled to reproach; and, indeed, he felt it to be but too evident that he was, both in fortune and worth, infinitely unqualified to lay claim to so inestimable a prize. As the hopelessness of his cause became every minute more apparent, and his sense of it more overwhelming, the unfortunate Harold could not refrain from shedding some bitter tears. Not a single vestige of hope remained to him; for as to felling the trees in Brokner wood, why twenty men could not do it in two days. Nevertheless, he resolved to convince Wolfinger that he could perform as much as any of his rivals, and therefore determined to hack and hew as long as his arms could wield the axe.

The important day arrived. At an early hour, the suitors took the stations that were respectively allotted to them, and fell to work with all their might and main; indeed it is no wonder that they strove right manfully to do their best,

when we recollect that the prize was the fairest maiden and richest heiress in the whole province of Drontheim. A good many idlers gathered round the rival candidates, who were working together, and struggled hard against one another; but poor Harold, who laboured alone, was only comforted by a short visit from those who wished him success, but who advised him not to vex himself by attempting an impossibility. Nevertheless, in spite of this well-meant counsel, he continued to hew away silently and perseveringly, seldom resting even for a few moments: his servant brought him his frugal dinner, and was soon again dismissed, lest his presence should cause his master to idle.

It was evening, when, almost worn out with fatigue, he resolved to abandon the undertaking; his axe fell slower and feebler, and he began to pause very frequently. Chancing to lift up his eyes, he beheld his dear Lelah standing at a little distance, observing him with affectionate and melancholy interest; the tear stood in her

eye, and deep sadness overshadowed her beautiful face. Harold threw away his axe, and sprang to her side. "Dearest Lelah! this is kind. Alas! it is of no use—you are indeed lost to me. O God! that it should be so!" and here the stout-hearted Harold actually shed a few tears. As for poor Lelah, she said nothing, but her tears also flowed very fast. I confess that I hate your watery heroes and heroines, (things as insipid as water-melons,) those, I mean, that are generally in the dismals; but I am rather inclined, on this occasion, to forgive friend Harold, because he is said to have been naturally of a manly and vigorous spirit, and yielded, no doubt, to weakness only for a moment; and as for poor little Lelah, she also is said usually to have possessed a cheerful and airy temper; but at any rate, it is quite impossible to scold her: she must at that moment, the pearly drops silently gliding over her cheeks, having burst through the downcast eyelids, have looked so very beautiful. I think

both you and I must have shed tears also, had we seen her in such distress.

Thanks to the force of nature, Harold soon recovered his usual flow of impudence, for I believe he had not cried more than half a minute before he fell to kissing.

When he had succeeded in calming, in some degree, the troubled spirits of his fair mistress, she told him the purpose of her coming. "I have brought you some food, Harold, for you must be sadly exhausted; sit down, and eat." She produced her store, and the lovers sat on the prostrate trunk of a tree; Harold partook of the refreshment, whilst Lelah sat by, and talked to him in her low, sweet voice. When he had eaten about half of the provision, he suddenly abstained: "Hold!" said the exemplary youth, "this is the walk of the Goodman of the forest, and I must share my supper with him." Lelah of course could not object to this very proper determination, but she reproached herself for not having provided a meal sufficient

for two, and resolved to bring a porringer on the following evening for the especial entertainment of the demon of the forest, whose wrath would undoubtedly be excited by any neglect.

Having deposited the remaining half of his supper at the foot of a tall pine, leaving a spoon conveniently placed beside it, the pious Harold escorted his companion on her way home; and having parted from her when he durst attend her no further, he hastened to betake himself to his lowly couch.

The other suitors also, about the same time, withdrew from their toil, but, unlike the good Harold, omitted to share their evening meal with the guardian spirit of the forest.

The next morning all were again at work, and continued to labour even to the close of day. When Harold returned to the spot where he had left the bowl, on the preceding evening, he found it not only empty but carefully washed, and the spoon also placed within it. This made him congratulate himself on the step he had

taken, as it showed that the demon was well pleased with his share of the meal.

And now the deep shade of evening overspread the earth, and Harold expected impatiently the promised visit of Lelah—but he was disappointed; she was prevented by her father from leaving the house, and sent her faithful Nora to convey the intelligence, and also two substantial bowls of porridge, intended for the supper of Harold, and the Goodman of the forest. Having delivered her message, and its accompaniments, Nora retired, and Harold, seating himself with a deep sigh on the fallen trunk of a pine, proceeded to despatch his cheerless meal. Whilst thus engaged, he heard some one cough close beside him, and looking up, beheld a little shrivelled old man, habited like a peasant, sitting on the same trunk with himself, and only a few feet apart. He was so very little, that Harold had never seen a man so diminutive, and his sharp grey eyes were fixed with so intent and searching a gaze

on the countenance of our astonished woodman, that his cheeks blanched and his heart quailed beneath the scrutiny. Neither spoke for some moments, and Harold's hand shook so violently, that it could scarcely retain the bowl within its grasp, whilst the little withered old man continued to stare at him with the most appalling freedom. At length, a shrill cracked voice demanded—"Have you no supper for me?" and Harold, who was at no loss to ascertain the quality of his companion, replied with some hesitation—"Yes, Goodman!—a fine bowl of porridge—here it is." So saying, with considerable trepidation he rose up, and placed the food within reach of the little man, who instantly seized on it, and set about swallowing it with the greatest avidity. Each party despatched his supper in silence; that concluded, the old man set down his bowl with a profound sigh, and after a short pause, thus addressed the doubting Harold—"You are a worthy youth; your porridge is good; you have worked hard all day—

go home; leave me your axe—go!" Harold immediately did as he was commanded; and having made his best bow, retreated with all speed, which increased with his fears, and his fears with the rapidity of his motion. Having arrived in safety at home, though not a little exhausted, he blessed himself repeatedly, and thanked his guardian angel with the greatest sincerity for his escape from the fangs of that little withered old man.

In Wolfinger's house there was gaiety and feasting, though the brow of the master was somewhat clouded, in consequence of the inflexible determination of his daughter not to accept for a husband the malevolent Jan Funensen, who, equally indignant, had already departed for his own abode. The suitors unanimously agreed to drink deep this evening, the last they would probably spend together for some time; and one of them proposed a toast, which was quaffed cheerfully by all—"To the most fortunate!"

The amount of their respective labours was to be ascertained the following morning, and, in the mean time, there were many disputes as to the probable victor. Some person present stated that he believed Hans Muskau to have felled the greatest number of trees; but he added, that having passed by the wood of Brokner after dusk, he heard the axe of Harold still going at a most prodigious rate. Many laughed aloud at the idea of the young hunter continuing his exertions in the dark; but Wolfinger (his hopes for Jan Funensen being crushed) seemed rather touched by the repeated proofs of his young kinsman's devoted attachment to Lelah. He knew him to be sincere, and he rather believed that the passion of the other suitors was not a little inflamed by the circumstance of his daughter being heiress of Beorndallen.

Morning at last arrived, and Harold early repaired to the wood of Brokner, in order to count the number of trees he had felled. As he

approached the spot he began to think he must certainly have forgotten the neighbourhood, so entirely was the face of the country changed. Where yesterday waved an extensive wood was now only a wide plain, covered over with the trunks of trees ready barked, and apparently waiting for transportation to the neighbouring stream, which would convey them to a larger river, and it, in turn, bear them to the destined port. Filled with the highest wonder, Harold passed on to the spot where he had supped on the previous evening; and here he found his axe, the head of which was almost worn away by the use that had lately been made of it. He was now at no loss to perceive that the demon of the forest had done him this act of kindness, in return for the suppers he had received, and with a grateful heart he loudly expressed his thanks.

It was still early in the morning, when Wolfinger informed his daughter that she must inevitably make up her mind to accept of one of her suitors this day; and desired her to attend

him into the great hall, or banqueting-room—a command which she obeyed with a sinking heart, but yet with the firmest intention of enduring every extremity rather than forsake her own dear Harold.

Wolfinger led his daughter to a high seat at the upper end of the hall, and placed himself by her; the suitors, and a crowd of curious friends and neighbours, occupied the body of the room. After a little while, it was declared by the examiners, and admitted by all, that Hans Muskau had felled the greatest number of trees. There was a deep pause; no one uttered an acclaim—no one seemed to rejoice. Lelah sat perfectly motionless. Then at length did Wolfinger open his august lips, and thus said:—"I have sworn, and will perform: the oath of a Norwegian is not to be broken. Hans Muskau, I give you my daughter—who shall gainsay me?" Lelah started up in her seat; her eye sparkled, her cheek flushed; but before she could utter a word, a gallant youth stepped forth

from the crowd, and thus spake the bold Harold:—"That will I, Lord of Beorndallen! I gainsay thee. Lelah is mine! By the promise you made in this very hall, by the oath you have solemnly sworn, by the reverence you entertain for justice, faith, and honour—Lelah is mine! *The wood of Brokner is cut down.*" "Brokner wood cut down!" exclaimed every voice in the assembly; "impossible! quite impossible!" "By my faith I will see," cried Wolfinger; and instantly hurried forth, followed by every soul in the room, except the lovers, who were left to their own meditations, and no doubt spent the time infinitely to their satisfaction.

The party returned, filled with amazement. "Harold!" exclaimed Wolfinger, as he advanced toward the young people, "you are befriended by the invisible. The dark man of the forest has been working for you. I contend not with the immortals. You are my son—you, and you only, are worthy of Lelah; take her, and God's blessing be on you both, my bonnie children!"

At the conclusion of this speech, every man and woman within hearing (except the disappointed rivals) shouted for joy. The news quickly spread up the valley; each peasant snatched up his gun, and fired a salute as he ran toward the house of his lord, where a joyful group was soon congregated.

"Harold!" said Wolfinger, "my oath forbids me to stretch forth my hand in friendship towards yours; but if yours be extended towards mine, there is no reason why I should not shake it." The hearty embrace which followed these words was the commencement of that cordial friendship which thenceforth bound together these two lofty spirits, until, many years after, death stepped in, and severed the link.

The wedding was celebrated the very next day. The sun shone in the most auspicious manner; the birds sang their liveliest strains; the mountains reverberated with the reports of the guns; and an universal joy pervaded the whole district of Beorndallen. Soon after ten

o'clock a long file of invited guests might be seen winding down the side of the valley on horseback, many bearing their ladies behind them on immense pillions, that rivalled the howdah of an eastern elephant. When these had dismounted, and partaken of refreshment in the house of gladness, the order of the march to the church was finally settled. First, proceeded the bride and bridegroom, she trembling and bashful, he also disturbed though elated; then came the self-satisfied Wolfinger, and his most important guest; the rest followed according to their rank, and the rear was brought up by all the men and women, and boys and girls of the district.

Never was there a more popular couple; both parties were universally beloved by all classes.

The little church, with its red roof and spire, was situated in the midst of the valley, with a few pretty cottages congregated about it. Here, at last, were the doubts and fears of the faithful couple for ever set at rest; and the brave Harold

and the beautiful Lelah, amid the silent blessings of the watchful throng, offered up to heaven their pure vows of fidelity and truth.

But who shall describe the wedding-feast? Such eating and drinking, such shouting and singing, and laughing and quaffing, as never before were known in the vale of Beorndallen. And then all those who could see or stand were called upon to dance; and in accordance with established custom, the bride, led out by the most distinguished of the company, gracefully opened the ball.

The revelry continued long after the principal personages had retired; but here I must close my narrative, as I am not acquainted with another circumstance relating to the fortunes of Harold and Lelah; except that every Saturday evening in winter, during his life, the former caused a large bowl of porridge to be taken to a certain spot in the neighbourhood of his dwelling, in grateful acknowledgment of the services of the Forest Demon.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SILVER MINE OF KONGSBERG.

In reperusing my journal I find so little variety in my daily adventures, that I fear to exercise the patience of the reader much longer; I mean, therefore, to conduct him rapidly to Kongsberg, where he shall accompany me in my visit to the famous silver mine, which, however valuable in former times, is now of little importance, and but trifling interest.

I passed down to the south, in nearly a direct course, through a rugged country, which probably will be the last to afford travellers the

accommodation of those execrable machines that go whizzing, smoking, and groaning along their iron path—and which I piously hope may reward those who so madly engage in them, with the fortune that common sense would lead us to expect.

The day on which I reached Kongsberg, I walked for many hours down a very noble valley, having on my left hand a line of mountains close beside me, and on my right a broad river, with its bed of black rocks and frequent falls; and beyond it, ranges of fine mountains. Some of these were very lofty, and afforded many openings, which showed a wild and rugged country beyond. The sun shone bright, but there were incessant storms of snow or hail scudding about in every direction, and as these drove past the sides of the towering black mountains, softening their gloomy sternness with a veil, light and transparent as gossamer, they gave to the solitary scene a charm and witchery that no heart could have resisted.

Such was the immediate scene; in the distance, to the far west, like wave heaving over wave, was a sea of snow-covered heights.

I came as unexpectedly on Kongsberg as upon Christiania. It is situated in a deep valley, with high mountains about it on all sides; and the river Laugen running through it. I had some difficulty in discovering the house of entertainment (kept by one Madame Hindts), there being no external sign or indication by which to distinguish it.

There is a pretty waterfall in the town, above which, during the middle of the day, a beautiful arch is formed by the rays of the sun; and whoever stands on a rock beside the fall, will then have a halo of glory encompassing his head.

I was told by Mr. Steinstrop, the director of the mines—to whose politeness I am indebted for several civilities—that the wolves and other beasts of prey are very plentiful in this neighbourhood; the former sometimes running through the whole length of the town at mid-day, and

carrying off dogs or cats, or any other animals they happen to meet with.

The silver mine is called Armen grŭbe (the mine Armen), and is two or three miles distant from Kongsberg, high up one of the neighbouring mountains.

Having obtained the necessary permission from the director, together with particular instructions as to the road I ought to pursue, I set out one morning for the mine; and having been told that I had nothing to do but "keep to the right hand," rigidly pursued that direction, labouring up the high mountain for several hours without discovering any symptoms of what I sought, and execrating that curiosity which led me to encounter so many toils.

I did not meet a soul to direct me, and having wandered a considerable time in despair, turned suddenly to the right-about and pursued an opposite path. At last I met with a woodsman, whom I bribed to conduct me to the mine, which I reached several hours after I ought to have

done. At the house of the *stiger*, or overseer of the works, I was provided with a guide, and proceeded in his company to the entrance into the mine. This is situated about half-way up a high and steep mountain of black rock, and affords a narrow opening of about six feet in height, that runs into the bowels of the mountain in a horizontal direction, for the distance, I should think, of half a mile.

Before we entered, the guide furnished himself with a torch of pine wood, and carried a bundle of others under his arm, ready to supply its place when consumed.

The channel, or gallery, along which we passed, was hewn out of the hard rock; and we walked on a floor composed of the trunks of fir trees, beneath which ran a loud gurgling stream of water, hurrying to the surface. Frequently in the distance we heard the hollow sound of a cascade, which made me fancy we were approaching some fearful abyss; but on reaching the spot, it appeared that the water poured down

from above, at one side of the gallery, and passed into the channel under our feet. The sound of these frequent falls, the glare of the pine torch in the narrow rocky gallery, the effect of which was heightened by the miner occasionally striking the blazing wood against the sides of rock—the appearance of the old man, stalking before me in his woollen jacket and red nightcap, the echo of our measured steps in the hollow way, and the rushing of the water beneath our feet, had altogether a very pleasing effect. Having reached the end of the gallery, we found a wide space in which men were engaged clearing out rubbish, &c. The noise of the machine that pumped up the water from below, the light of many torches, and the grim appearance of the half-naked workmen, did not fail to give an air of adventure to the scene, in the opinion of one naturally of a romantic temperament. My guide having stripped himself naked to his breeches, and renewed his torch, now prepared to descend into the shaft which leads to the depth, whence

the silver is obtained. The descent is accomplished by ladders. After descending the first ladder, we come to a scaffolding on which it rests, and in which, at the distance of two or three feet from the bottom of the ladder, is a small hole, through which appears the top of the second ladder; this also rests on a scaffolding, where we find the third ladder; and so we go on zig-zagging down the shaft until we get to the very bottom.

There are about eighty-five of these ladders, of sixteen, eighteen, or twenty rounds each; for I had opportunity enough to count a good many of them. The descent is sufficiently laborious; but to ascend these eighty-five ladders, which hang perpendicularly, is about as arduous an essay as I ever wish to attempt. It is an undertaking so little relished by the guides themselves that they never conduct a stranger quite to the bottom, down into what is called the depth, without the express orders of the director.

As I kept sprawling down ladder after ladder,

each coated with dirt, and dripping with moisture, no sound being heard but of the ascending engine (which, though in the same shaft, was concealed from view by a partition of boards) and the scraping of shoes and pit-patting of hands on the rounds of the ladders—I could not help thinking that I was not indeed the wisest of mortals to undergo so much toil only to look at a dark hole.

Now and then we came to galleries that led to veins which had been worked out. At length the atmosphere became so stifling and oppressive that I could hardly breathe; a sulphury vapour, or thin, hot smoke pervaded every part of these infernal regions; but still we continued to dive lower and lower, the air getting closer and closer, and hotter and hotter at every step; and I marvelled whither we should arrive at last. And now we reached another gallery, from which proceeded a deep recess, the entrance into a vein which was then being worked; into this my guide plunged, and I followed, determined to

go at least, wherever he went. It was like a burning fiery furnace; I thought the skin was scorched from off my cheeks, and the hair from my eyebrows. I covered my face with my handkerchief as I darted after the miner—whom I began to look upon as an infernal spirit, possessed of the properties of the salamander. At the extremity of this hellish place, which extended about twenty or thirty yards, I had the satisfaction to behold a huge mass of burning charcoal, which had been kindled for the purpose of softening the rock, or making it crack, in order to be more easily blasted. Perceiving there was nothing more to be seen, I ran back to the gallery as fast as I could, and felt a mighty inclination to give my guide a good beating for conducting me to such a spot.

Again we descended, and at last came to the very bottom. Here I entered one of the open veins, and beheld a specimen of that wealth, to obtain which so many difficulties had been encountered. Through the black rock, in a

perpendicular line, ran a *greyish streak*, six or eight inches wide; and in this grey stratum, after attentive perusal, might be discerned several small specks of silver. My first emotion was astonishment. Great God! what labour has been endured to reach these few trifling specks! these insignificant particles, which at best have only an ideal value, and which seem scarcely worth picking from the rock. My guide had seated himself at one side of the vein, and was wiping the perspiration from his face and brow; I sat down opposite him, and we surveyed each other for some moments in silence. I felt a strong inclination to laugh in his face, being greatly commoved with the idea of that stupendous folly which had brought me at least six hundred yards below the surface of the earth, and now left me nothing to do but get back again. No doubt my companion thought me a precious wiseacre; and indeed he may have said as much, for any thing I know, as I only understood one word in every six that he uttered.

I struck out a small piece of the rock in which the silver lies embedded, but my conductor would not allow me to take any of the ore itself; that being strictly forbidden by the manager of the works. A trifling consideration would probably have induced him to have picked out for me a small lump; but I cannot tax myself with ever having bribed a man to desert his duty — not even a custom-house officer — and therefore did not try the strength of his honesty.

After we had sat looking at each other till I was tired, and the guide refreshed, we proceeded to other veins of a similar character, and then began the work of ascending the ladders. Being light and active, I was more than a match for the old miner, who was very soon blown, and greatly exhausted with his exertions; and frequently paused to rest and refresh himself with a draught of brackish water; vessels full of which were placed at different stages, together with wooden benches to repose on.

After considerable labour, I once more had the satisfaction to reach the open air, and proceeded to the house of the Stiger, where I did not fail to wash and purify myself as well as I could.

In this mine, I believe, silver is occasionally found in greater masses than I had the fortune to behold; but I understood that it now barely repays the expense of working. Formerly very large lumps of ore were frequently met with, and there is in the Museum at Copenhagen a piece weighing several hundred pounds, which, many years ago, was dug out of this mine.

I returned to Kongsberg after my subterranean adventures, and the next morning resolved to begin a march over the mountains to the north of the town; wishing to penetrate towards Gousta, a famous mountain lying at the distance of fifty or sixty miles.

Accordingly I set forth, and clambered with some difficulty over the first mountainous ridge, and descended on the borders of a solitary pool;

thence I passed on, through dells of rock ornamented with the pine tree, and through an extensive mountain forest, and over another high ridge to the foot of a very steep and lofty mountain. Nothing could exceed the wildness of the scenery, and my spirits (as usual in such cases) were soon at the full height of glad excitement, although I could scarcely ascertain the direction in which I ought to steer, and there was not the semblance of a path to give me aid.

I walked for some distance along a brook covered with frozen snow; the torrent dashing beneath me. This brook had worn for itself a rough channel or ravine, which was visible to a vast height up the side of the mountain; and thinking this offered the best means of gaining the summit, I began to scramble up the bed of the torrent, which was filled with huge masses of rock, and immense stones that had been washed down like pebbles, and lay tossed together in confused heaps. The walk was therefore not quite so easy or agreeable as I

had anticipated, but I found it impossible to penetrate through the dense forest on each side, and continued to struggle up the uneven ascent.

After forcing my difficult way to some height, I came to a glorious ravine: huge abrupt crags rose up perpendicularly on either side, whose ledges were covered with thick moss, and afforded a scanty hold for the pines which inclined across the chasm. Icicles hung down from the crags, and with the snow at the sides of the torrent in whose bed I stood, contradicted that appearance of summer which was afforded by a few straggling plants, and the fresh green leaves of the pine. Many times I had to draw myself up the precipices of this rocky channel by clinging to the boughs of some overhanging tree, whose roots were scarce sufficiently embedded to endure this extraordinary weight. As soon as I perceived the forest to be less densely planted, I left the ravine and got upon the snow, which covered the whole surface of

this part of the mountain, and appeared to be many feet deep. In several places I saw the foot-marks of a beast that I conceived to be a wolf; but as I believed there were no bears in the neighbourhood, I was indifferent to the appearance of other animals, which I knew would be quite as much alarmed at sight of me, as I of them. I had left my pistols, together with my knapsack, at Kongsberg, in order that I might be quite unencumbered in my mountain expedition. Had I met with a bear by any chance (though such an event was not probable) there is no doubt that I should have been in a most profound state of alarm. Once or twice, whilst passing an isolated rock, a white ptarmigan would spring up and whirr past me, causing me to sweat with apprehension; and my heart would beat violently for several moments after I was convinced that there was really nothing to be afraid of.

The ascent became more and more arduous, and I began to despair of ever reaching the

summit, which seemed to recede still faster than I advanced. Higher and higher I climbed, toiling; and had left, far behind, the region of firs, and come to that of barren rocks and endless snow. In some places the snow was quite soft, and I would suddenly plunge in it up to my middle, and having scrambled out again at the expense of some labour, would hasten on, and when just about to attain the summit of a hill of frozen snow, meet with another rebuff and slip back again from the top to the bottom, to the great annoyance of my knees and hands, and at no little cost of good humour. Indeed, before I got to the top of the mountain I was so much exasperated by my numerous falls and innumerable bruises, that I could scarce refrain from execrating that spirit of adventure and restless curiosity which were continually exposing me to troubles that never fall to the lot of men of common sense;—but when I did at length manage to stand on the summit, I thought myself repaid for all my

bruises, troubles, and tumbles, and would not have changed places with the most rational of God's creatures that walked on the level earth, breathing an atmosphere some thousand feet lower than mine. Before me was a wilderness of snowy mountains, with the superior Gousta in the midst;—not a house, nor a living creature was to be seen for leagues and leagues; but all was bleak, solitary barrenness. Turning round, however, and looking over the mountains that lay betwixt me and Kongsberg, the scenery, though not so awfully, gloomily grand, was more pleasing, and more variedly picturesque. Dark mountains of every variety of shape extended themselves in all directions, and several rivers were to be seen winding among them; and there were green plots of land and white farm houses, which the sun seemed to strike with his most dazzling beams.

And there I stood, high up as it were above the earth, and not a fellow-mortal was within the range of many leagues. My glowing bosom

confessed a thousand ravishing sensations; my soul dilated within me, and I gloried in the magnificence of my temporary resting-place, and thanked my Creator with a gush of devotional gratitude for having bestowed on me those feelings which ever awoke at the magic call of nature, and, in the midst of sorrows, could occasionally vibrate with transporting joy. Nor less did I thank thee, Almighty God! for having suffered me, though now in the sear and yellow leaf, to retain and still experience those emotions which too commonly pass away with the ingenuousness of youth, but which assure the heart of its alliance with something superior to ordinary clay, and recompense it for a thousand privations, and render insignificant a thousand misfortunes, and lift it still higher in communion with the Eternal, and suffuse it with a thousand graceful and beautiful hues that do not perish or fade until increasing worldliness and selfishness have rusted its finer springs, covering it with a damp and noxious shade, and concealing

whatever it possessed that was estimable and lovely.

What boundless satisfaction occupied my whole fabric as I dwelt on the surrounding prospect! I was filled with a torrent of crowding thoughts, that hurried too swiftly through the chambers of the mind to be defined or arrested; and it was with great reluctance that I quitted my lofty station, whither I never again should repair.

I found the descent, however, to be not so easy a proceeding as I had hoped to find it. Frequently I came on a sudden to the brink of a precipice, and was obliged to wander far out of the direction I wished to pursue, or lowered myself down by the branches and roots of trees at the risk of my neck. Sometimes I slipped for many yards down banks of frozen snow, and was frequently in such imminent danger of being dashed to pieces, that I thanked Heaven very gratefully, when, after several hours' exertion, I found myself safe at the bottom. I

passed on to the neighbourhood of Gousta—a sketch of which forms the frontispiece to one of these volumes—where I wandered for several days amid scenery of a very noble character, and then returned by Bolkesoe to Kongsberg.

CHAPTER XIII.

WATERFALLS—LAURVIG.

WHOEVER visits Kongsberg ought to go in search of Laŭgerud Foss, called by the common people Nabro Foss, one of the noblest and most beautiful falls in Norway; though not on so great a scale as several.* It is on that river, the Laŭgen, which runs through Kongsberg, and is four or five miles distant from the town; and not very easily discovered, being at some distance from any road.

* The two most celebrated falls are Vöringfoss, in the Hardanger mountains, near Bergen, and Rukanfoss, near the Gousta mountain.

There is a wonderful majesty and magnificence in the rapid rushing of a mighty river, hurrying along with a speed that almost mocks the eye, until an adverse barrier of rock, intercepting its course, breaks it into foam, which is tossed high in the air, changing the very atmosphere, and then permits it to plunge headlong, one broad, white mass, into a deep gulf betwixt immense black rocks, that form an extraordinary contrast with the snowy storm they receive. Such is Labro Foss. A volume of foam comes down the first fall, into the gulf, tossing and leaping in gigantic gladness, and hurries along through the deep, black channel of rocks, and meets with another and another fall—ever flinging its vast showers of spray high and far into the air, and roaring in the excess of its wild glee. It is impossible to convey the faintest idea of this majestic and glorious spectacle. They who have beheld the falls of Switzerland, can imagine nothing finer than what they have there witnessed; but, until they visit Norway, they can

have no idea of the sublime grandeur of a waterfall. It always appeared to my fancy that the Swiss rocks do not sufficiently chafe and champ the water into foam, whilst those of Norway seem to convert the whole volume of the stream into one immense mass of froth.

Close to Labro Foss is a thick wood of pine trees, which, however, standing below the fall, we can overlook, and behold a line of lofty, snowy, serrated mountains beyond.

A few miles south of this fall, on the road towards Laurvig, is another, on a little river called the Dalo Elv. This is named the Gioge, or Cuckoo Foss. There is at this place an abyss of rocks, a narrow gulf, three of whose sides rise up abruptly to a great height, and form a gloomy depth, into which the rays of the sun seem rarely able to penetrate. The rocks are crowned with a few pines. From one corner of this abyss foams the fall, directly down from high overhead—tossing, struggling, leaping, plunging from the top to the bottom, a density of

foam. Then it glides away into the sunshine, a peaceful, wandering stream, and disappears from the eye of the spectator round the base of a dark rock. It is a beautiful fall, but has not the grandeur of the other; and is indeed of quite a different character.

At the time I visited these falls, I was on my way to Laurvig; I will, therefore, conduct the reader thither, and then bid him a friendly farewell. As I passed along the road I came to a wide channel, which once had been spanned by a bridge, but that, I suppose, had been washed away, and nothing at present supplied its place but a single plank; and, therefore, how carriages and horses contrived to get across I am quite unable to conjecture; nor could I discover any means of getting round by another way. After a long march I crossed the Laugen by a ferry, to a place called Vinces, which seemed to consist only of a single house. The landlord, a surly rascal, eyed me all over with much suspicion, and informed me that he had got nothing

in his house, and therefore I had better pass on. But instead of obeying, I showed him my passport, and ordered him to furnish me immediately with something to eat and drink, which he accordingly did, though not with the best grace in the world. When bedtime arrived, I was conducted out of the house to a neighbouring hovel, which seemed to belong to a poor currier, or a blacksmith, and was evidently both his workshop and sleeping apartment; for the smoke-stained walls were adorned with knives, hammers, pincers, &c. and there were also two beds, or square boxes, which contained a man, a woman, and four or five children, who all lifted up their heads as I entered, and stared with wonder till sleep again demanded their attention.

I found a kind of sofa prepared for me, and sighing grievously at the unpleasant posture of my affairs this evening, endeavoured to find comfort in the consolations of slumber. By five the next morning I arose, and leaving my companions still in bed, proceeded to the gestgiversted,

which I entered through the unfastened door, and found the landlord and his old wife still enjoying their repose. I stood a moment contemplating the charming pair; and then, by dint of shouting, having succeeded in awakening them both, demanded what I had to pay. The amount was not more than fourpence English, which I left on the table, and departed.

I continued down the fine vale, through which the Laŭgen flows, and breakfasted at a place called Komnæs on bread and milk and cheese, *for a penny;* indeed my bill for this meal, in country places, seldom exceeded twopence or threepence.

I observe that on this day, I made a very good dinner of hare, roast potatoes, milk (the common beverage,) and brandy, for about fourpence. Whenever I thought of it,—and I wish I had been more attentive,—I made a note of what I was furnished with at my meals, and what I paid, in order that I might remember the common food of the country, and gain some

idea of the average price of provisions, and the expense of living.

When the evening was far advanced, I was not a little chagrined to meet with no inn where I might pass the night; however, at last perceiving a house that I thought looked very like one of those which profess to afford good entertainment for man and beast, I boldly entered in at the door, and demanded if I could have supper? I was answered in the affirmative by a young woman of pleasing demeanour, and soon had a very good one provided, which I earnestly endeavoured to do justice to. Three young men sat in the room, conversing very good-humouredly with me, and pledging me in corn-brandy. About half-past nine, feeling very well satisfied with my entertainment, I kicked off my shoes, and declared my intention to go to bed. Now mark the difference between Norwegian and Swedish hospitality:—two of the young men immediately got up and left the room, whilst the other, after some hesitation and

difficulty, contrived to tell me that there was no bed for me, and I must be pleased to go on to Sörbye, a place across the country on the Drammen and Laurvig road, at least twelve English miles distant. I assured my friend, however, that I would do no such thing, and if I could not have a bed I would sleep on the floor, wrapping myself up in my cloak. I knew that the neighbourhood was pretty well stocked with bears, for at the house where I dined I saw a good many skins hanging up against the walls, and was told that the animals to which they had belonged were all shot in the vicinity. It was the small brown bear which here abounded, not quite so formidable as the black bear, but not at all an agreeable personage to meet by moonlight.

The young man offered to guide me to Sörbye for half a specie dollar (about *2s.*) and I believe it was the hope of gaining this small sum that made him act thus discourteously. At length, unable to answer a torrent of persuasive

argument which I did not understand, and cursing his inhospitable conduct, I yielded to his importunity, and consented to depart on condition of being accompanied by him. He appeared not a little rejoiced at my determination, and took down his gun, and prepared himself for the march, whilst with infinite ill humour I proceeded to put on my shoes again, and fasten up my knapsack.

It was at least half-after ten o'clock when we set forth. There was a young moon, but the night was so cloudy, that sometimes it was perfectly dark. The wind sighed very dismally through the large wood which lay on our right hand, and I was not quite satisfied of the honest intentions of my guide, whose motive I could not possibly divine for giving himself so much trouble, and placing so foul a blot on the character of his country. The idea frequently recurred to me, that he was thus enticing me from the house to take me to some spot where I might be more conveniently despatched; and

I remembered that I had not seen his two companions since they left the room in which I had supped, and who might now perhaps be lying in ambush expecting us. Perhaps the brandy I had drunk inspired me with unusual courage, or I drew a better omen from the physiognomy of the young men I had seen, or was in a horribly bad humour,—but whatever the reason, I walked beside my companion with great indifference, resolving to be even with him if I discovered the least symptom of treachery. He soon became loquacious, though his discourse was wholly confined to the subject of bears, which, he informed me, were very plentiful in the neighbourhood. Whenever we passed a projecting rock, or dark clump of trees, he would cock his gun and walk with great caution, pretending he expected to behold a bjorn every minute; but he always bade me not to be alarmed, for his gun was "very good for bjorn," and had killed twenty-two of those animals in its day. I told him I hoped we

might fall in with a bear, that I might see what he could do; and, in order to show him that I was armed, declared I had a great desire to encounter a bear myself, though furnished only with pistols—which I produced for his inspection, and he viewed with evident respect.

In passing through a wood we heard the report of several guns, and my guide declared that some people were engaged in shooting a bear; but I did not know whether to believe him or not, for I fancied that he only strove to enhance the dangers of the road for the purpose of dignifying his own services, and giving me an opinion of his courage and prowess. I tried to persuade him to accompany me through the wood in order to join the hunters, who however were several miles off, but I could not induce him.

Once we heard the rustle of some animal walking among the dead leaves and sticks in the cover beside us, which made my guide halt and put his musket to his shoulder, for he swore

it was a bear. I eagerly pressed him to follow in pursuit of it, but he obstinately refused; and indeed the whole conduct of this man was an enigma which I have not yet been able to solve.

It was nearly three o'clock in the morning when we reached Sörbye, and with some difficulty succeeded in procuring admittance into the inn.

The next morning I parted from my guide, who wished me very much to give him two dollars more to conduct me to Laurvig, but I entertained so slight an opinion of his merits that I was very glad to be rid of his services.

Sörbye is about twenty-five miles from Laurvig, which town I reached in the evening. One of the most enchanting mountain prospects I ever beheld, is to be viewed from a bridge about two miles from the town, on the road to Drammen—mountains of every variety of shape, admirably grouped, rugged, no doubt, when approached, but beautifully softened by the hazy indistinctness of distance.

I intended to go from Laurvig to Fredericksværn, four miles lower down the coast, where I expected to meet the steam-boat which plies between Copenhagen, Gottenborg, Christiania, and Christiansand.

Laurvig is situated in a vale that opens on the sea; it is rather a large town, and I wandered about it for some time before I could discover any place of rest, for I have always had a wonderful repugnance to ask of strangers even so simple a question, and have frequently wandered many miles out of my way, rather than expose myself to the risk of an uncivil answer by inquiring the direction. On the present occasion, however, when almost wearied to death, and disgusted with the attentions of a crowd of little boys at my heels, who persecuted me from street to street, wondering to what class of animals I belonged, I made up to the most civil looking person I could find, and inquired whether he could direct me to the hotel. This man desired me to go down to the harbour, and then turn

up to the right, and I should behold a large house with steps before it, which would prove to be the place I sought. I thanked him for his politeness, and following his directions, soon discovered the house to which he alluded, and which proved to be a shop where they sold stockings, worsted, and packthread. When I made known my case to the owner he sent me back to that part of the town from whence I had just come; and being not a little incensed against him who had misdirected me, I resolved to give him a lesson in morals, and discipline his carcass with my cudgel; but unfortunately for his future amendment, I failed to meet with him again, though I did at length succeed in discovering a house where I obtained shelter and repose, together with coffee and cold meat.

I began this narrative with a few words to Evening: ere I say "farewell!" I must add a few others to Night—beautiful Night! most

beautiful in Norway, when the long winter returns, and restores to her a zone of ten million stars.

I lay tossing in my bed at Laurvig, feverish, and unable to sleep; and at length arose, and dressed myself, and passed through the unfastened door, and the silent and deserted streets, until I stood on the beach, and looked upon the gloomy sea. There are few men on whom the hand of Poetry is not sometime laid: the thoughts which glowed and purified, and humanized, may not, perhaps, be confined within the bondage of verse, but at times, kindled by some exciting scene, they have flashed forth bright and vivid, even in the darkest bosom, and then sank down again, and died, and disappeared.

As I stood on the shore, looking upon the sea, a feeling of the sublimest satisfaction and happiness was gradually shed over my soul, like the mist which rises from the river at evening, and curls round the lofty rock and

haughty tower, softening whatever is harsh, and giving additional loveliness to beauty.

It is by night (alone, and on the sea-shore,) that Poetry most evinces her supremacy. Her throne is in the soul, her influence extends throughout space; the best, the purest, the holiest emotions that animate the heart are obedient to her voice,—all that is mean and base in our nature flees away before the severe majesty of her countenance; and filled with thoughts that are untinged with the dross of earth, we sympathize with the elements, careering in spirit through the infinite realms of ether, and rejoicing in the boundlessness of fancy. Who shall trace and chain down the thoughts which have arisen within us? Some few may be preserved unfaded, but most of them melted away and are no more to be defined, having shed their genial influence over the heart, balmy as the gentlest shower that falls upon an arid land.

NIGHT.

Awake, ye thoughts that crowd the poet's breast,
When jarring passions sink, subdued to rest—
When stern Ambition spares the jaded soul,
And harsher feelings yield to soft control—
Awake! and leaving worldly dreams behind,
Shed all your softening influence o'er the mind.
As o'er yon silent and scarce heaving bay
The moon steals forth with hesitating ray,
And pours upon each object of the night
Her pale, imparted, fascinating light—
So, in the hushed and solitary hour,
The mind's best feelings reassert their power,
And stealing on in mild and gentle flow
Tint trifling subjects with a heavenly glow.
O'er all the stilled and death-like scene around,
No envious murmur wakes its sullen sound,
But indistinct, and lonesome as the grave,
The earth's dark shadow mingles with the wave;
The seamew slumbers calmly on her nest,
And the bold heron folds his wing at rest.
In this lone hour—when, like yon cloud on high,
The soul expanded soars beyond the sky,
When earth, like earthly things, seems fleeting fast,
And all the future overwhelms the past—
Ye sons of dross! for all the wealth ye prize
I would not lose the thoughts that in me rise;

I would not lose that awe, scarce tinged with fear,
Which links the spirit to a loftier sphere,
Which speaks of realms no human eye may scan,
And whispers sweetly, Man is something more than man.
When thought, with flagging wing, forbears the chace,
And soft descending seeks this darker space,
The grateful calm it brings within its train
Delights and freshens, even as summer rain;
Beneath the influence of that hallowed state
Love rules serene, and foes no longer hate.
As back on former times we turn our view,
And distant years and earlier scenes pursue,
Where fading griefs within a youthful mind
Struck deep—yet left no poisoned barb behind—
Remembrance, smiling half, and half o'ercast,
Loves still to linger round the shadowy past;
And all the luring hopes this life contains,
Its pleasures, follies, vanities, and pains,
Like spectre shades, in swift review come on,
Live as they lived—and go as they have gone.
Is there a heart whose sluggish currents flow
As dull, as cold, insensible and slow,
When, all beyond the bounded haunts of men,
It lives amid the mountain and the glen?
Is there a heart whose feelings ne'er expand
Where rock o'er rock peers up sublimely grand,
Where Nature sits on her primeval throne
In majesty that robes but her alone?

Lives he whose soul, unenviably serene,
Has never soared triumphant with the scene;
Who, whilst the awful solitude he trod,
Has ne'er confessed the *presence* of a God?
If such a heart there be, so dull, so poor,
Shut out from pleasure and in self obscure,
So dead to feeling, and to fame unborn—
Much, much I pity—and perhaps I scorn.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VALEDICTION.

THIS chapter is like the last wave of the hand to the friend from whom we have already parted.

Wild, romantic Norway; friendly, unassuming Zealand; generous, hospitable, single-hearted Sweden—farewell! we shall never more be acquainted; my footsteps will never more be seen in your lone recesses.

It is the business of life to discover new objects of endearment—its fate, to be bereaved of them. We are ever forming new attachments, only to be wrung by them—loving new faces, only to lose them. It is the business of Time

to wound with one hand the heart which he heals with the other, like the sun of the torrid zone scorching the earth, which attendant rains never fail to revive and renovate. The wounds of the heart are no sooner healed than, like the bowels of Prometheus, they are again torn open by a vulture that preys on griefs and disappointments.

How many faces do we become familiar with, now, alas! afar off, with whom we could joyfully have passed the short remnant of our days! but obeying the strong impulse of Fate, we parted—and knew that it was for ever.

And are there no friends who quit us in like manner? Some took their departure when the heart felt knit to them by the closest and tenderest sympathies, and are no more to be known in this material world; some have passed into another hemisphere, but their return may never be looked forward to by us—and should it ever be, will only display them changed, and ourselves, perchance, cold and indifferent.

The strongest impressions are, ere long, effaced from the heart—as the deepest incision in a flourishing tree is soon concealed by the bark that closes over it. In either case, nothing remains but a scar. Were it not so, who could endure life?

And now, gentle reader, we also must part. Thou hast known me but a little while, and accompanied me but a short voyage, and thy regrets will be few—if any. From our acquaintance, thou hast probably gained little of instruction or amusement; but surely *something* may be gleaned even from the most insignificant work — something to imitate or shun. Thy heaviest censure will not fall upon me, since there is writ in these pages nothing that may debase thee, or degrade myself. For my weaknesses and inability, thou mayest freely (as easily) condemn me; I might, perchance, in many passages have done more worthily, but the troubles of existence oppressed me, and I did not that I would.

The poetry of travel, which consists in a thousand beautiful tints, and graceful and ennobling thoughts, hath (I fear me) scarcely been sufficiently displayed; but it is perhaps not to be depicted in a book, and can be acquired, and, probably, understood, only by those who roam amid the varieties of Nature, and the excellencies of Art, catching a ray from every thing that was made to adorn; and who return to their native land with juster conceptions, with loftier thoughts, more elegant tastes, and more extended sympathies.

Let it be the study of the young, the ardent, the generous, as long as possible to retain the poetry of life. Too soon is the freshness of the heart withered, its fragrance dissipated, its wealth exhausted. Our wants increase with our years, our wishes with our possessions, our unhappiness with our abundance—and the heart daily narrows, and contracts, and becomes overshadowed with weeds.

To acquire wisdom is not only the end of travel,

but the object of life. To improve our faculties and talents to the utmost is a duty we owe to our Maker, and will be a principal blessing to ourselves. How do we know but that the more refined we make our spiritual essence *here*, the more exquisite will be our senses of enjoyment hereafter? It is this thought alone that can encourage us to improvement even when standing on the verge of life, when in this world certainly we shall derive no return from our studies. Thus continually to endeavour to fit ourselves for a future existence, and a more exalted sphere, betokens the soundest wisdom; and the philosophy of which I would write, is that philosophy which teaches wisdom.

It is the custom of the vulgar to consider him only to be a philosopher who is a master of sciences. He, however, but little deserves the title, who can produce no higher claim to it. That alone is true philosophy, which aids in giving a sound judgment, correct principles, an enlarged understanding—which tends to make men great,

dignified, noble, and virtuous. A knowledge of sciences hath little to do with this.

In the pilgrimage of life, which is fast closing with us all, how few recollections are there upon which we love to linger! Past happiness is present regret; past sorrow can never be contemplated with pleasure, though its removal may awaken our thankfulness and gratitude. The only period on which we look back with satisfaction, is that which we spent in improvement.

There are lessons to be learnt from travel that cannot fail to benefit; and (except to the thoughtless and dissipated) the seasons thus devoted will be rich with enjoyment that lasts to the end of life. Associations are created, and memories excited, that never fade or decay.

The keenest pleasures depend on excitement; and all excitement is promoted by difficulty, and enhanced by danger. There is a deep excitement in an arduous campaign, when an active enemy demands constant vigilance; and in the

fierce struggles of battle, that causes him who has once borne arms, to dwell ever after on that portion of his life with particular satisfaction.*

Whatever breathes of adventure, whatever is accompanied with danger, constitutes in memory the most delightful era of man's existence. There is not half so much pleasure or excitement in fox-hunting, though a man's neck be always in danger, as in hunting the leopard or the tiger, in an Indian jungle. He who has bathed in the Nile, among a company of crocodiles, will take pleasure in repeating the story to the end of his days. In short, the recollection of *fear* is frequently a pleasure; and the delight of having escaped from danger remains with us, and excites us in proportion to the magnitude of our fears.

* When Goldsmith describes an old soldier to have "*wept* o'er his wounds," he shows great ignorance of human nature, or is guilty of unpardonable carelessness of expression. Indeed, there are many passages in his writings that display more of elegance than truth.

The privations, the difficulties, the dangers of travel, have in them an excitement that makes their remembrance pleasing; though at the moment, probably, they caused us both annoyance and apprehension.

In like manner, the old soldier exults over his campaigns, which, at the time, compelled him to endure so many fatigues, hardships, and miseries, that he every day cursed the bitterness of his lot. But Time sheds a softening mist over all these asperities; the strong outlines of the picture alone remain distinguishable—all else is supplied by imagination rather than memory. The nicer shades of pain and pleasure quickly vanish from the mind, like shadows from the clear river.

And now, good reader, farewell! our journey is over—our story is ended. The Pastor of Curewell has returned to his home, never again to depart from it, till the messenger arrive who shall summon him from earth.

His knapsack is already mouldy and dust-

covered, and ungratefully pushed aside from observation, but his faithful staff, bearing the marks of many a mountain scramble, may still be seen in one corner of the narrow hall of his humble dwelling. Though disfigured by many rude knocks, it is still the favourite companion of his evening hours, when with thoughtful steps he wanders through the meadow, noting with pleased eye the rapid rolling of the devious Trent, or leans against the rustic gate, and watches the rooks returning to their hereditary nests, disturbing the still air with their clamorous voices, and fluttering from bough to bough before they satisfactorily dispose themselves to slumber.

She who once stood by his side and partook of his simple pleasures, is indeed no more, and oftentimes a flood of grief, in moments of bitter desolation, will come sweeping over the soul of the Pastor; but he does not yield, nor is wholly overborne, but rises from sorrow tranquillized and resigned. The recollection of his wander-

ings affords him a sober satisfaction, for it recals no act that he would wish to blot from the tablet of memory. He hath not returned uninstructed, nor, he trusts, unimproved; many weaknesses have been shown, many errors unveiled, many murmurs rebuked—in these things he hath striven to amend. Surely this, he saith, is the Philosophy of Travel.

The various fortunes he hath witnessed have in some measure diverted his thoughts from the narrow channel in which they are naturally but too ready to flow, and diffused over his heart a stream of good-will towards mankind. In the sweet face of nature he hath learnt to discover a thousand charms that hitherto had escaped his ken; the woods, the winding streams disclose new beauties; the birds possess more thrilling notes; the swelling earth displays a more graceful outline; and the glorious canopy of the sky, with its white fleecy clouds, high sailing over head, invites the mounting soul into the habitations of the Eternal, where it

soars untainted by earthly thoughts, sublime in the purity of loftiest devotion, and being far removed above the troubles and sorrows of life, anticipates the glorious hour when it shall burst from the thraldom of mortality.

Our taste, feeling, judgment, appreciations, are refined by observation; observation is excited by novelty; and novelty is the object of travel. With increased acuteness of enjoyment, we catch delight from every smiling feature of nature; a thousand graceful thoughts are imprinted on the mind, and in the harmony of satisfaction we acknowledge that this is the Poetry of Travel.

Once more, farewell! Ye that are in sorrow, look upward. Ye that are happy, beware. But, alas, how few are there who will answer — "*I* am happy!" The storms, the vicissitudes of life are but too ready to make shipwreck of our dearest hopes, leaving us denuded and desolate, to begin the toil of existence again. And this is an epitome of life. Where then

shall we seek, how shall we acquire, that happiness which seems to strive so constantly to avoid us? I will tell ye—in the words of Seneca and truth:

"In virtute posita est vera felicitas."

THE END.

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